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THE LEPER.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying "Unclean!—Unclean!"

'Twas now the depth
Of the Judean summer, and the leaves
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had budded on the clear and flashing eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance, and in his mein

The Leper.

There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons—and this was he!
 With the soft airs of Summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
 Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
 With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
 Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear, silver key;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
 And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
 He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
 Day after day he lay as if in sleep.
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
 Circled with livid purple, covered him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
 —And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
 For He has smote thee with his chastening rod,
 And to the desert wild
 From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
 And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen ;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart ! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod—
Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !

And he went forth—alone ! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die !—
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die !
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying “Unclean ! Unclean !” and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
—“Helon !”—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“Helon ! arise !” and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand

Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mein
 Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips,
 The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and his sandals worn ;
 His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;
 His countenance, the impress of a God,
 Touched with the open innocence of a child ;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon ; his hair unshorn
 Fell to his shoulders ; and his curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
 As if his heart was moved, and stooping down
 He took a little water in his hand
 And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

 SCRIBBLINGS.

A GREAT deal of interest is getting up lately for the *blind*. Dr. Fisher, of this city, has been making noble and successful exertions to found an institution for their improvement. In an idle man, like myself, it naturally awakes speculation; and I have been sitting here for the last half hour scrawling caricatures of Gen. Jackson, and musing on the philosophy of a blind man's contentment. Why is it that the deaf, whose infirmity is surely less pitiable, are always the most fretful, and the blind universally the most contented of human creatures. Call up to your mind instances of each, and we will wager our young grayhound Ugolino (*you-go lean-o*, as a facetious friend of ours writes it,) that in three out of four of them, the countenances of the deaf have an anxious and irritable expression, and those of the blind a smiling, serene and happy one. The imagination more easily supplies the want in one case than the other. It can often paint brighter skies than nature; and order a lovelier landscape, and countenances of a fairer than human beauty; but it cannot create in the empty ear the fine caprices of music, nor, in any measure, supply to the deficient sense the pleasant cadences

of the voice of friends, far less, the thoughts and feelings they convey. The mind too of the blind is turned in wholly and unavoidably upon itself—its attention never distracted, and its sensibilities never tantalized, like those of the deaf, with the conscious presence of enjoyments beyond his power. The fields are green, and the sunset skies glorious, but there is no other sense to remind him perpetually of their presence; while the other sees constantly the dumb tokens of the sounds he cannot hear. The leaves stir, and the waters trip by him on their silver feet, and though he sees them, he cannot hear the murmur he knows they are giving out; and the lips of his friends move with a thousand changeable expressions, and his graceful child touches her instrument skilfully, and the stranger in the street, ignorant of his infirmity, questions him—and the pleasant words, and the sweet music, and the polite interrogation are alike unheard. Then in the necessary self-study of the blind, there is a happiness which doubtless often overleaps all that is communicated by sight. The philosopher who put out his eyes that he might retire forever into himself, appreciated well the treasures of the mind, and their capacity to engross and fill every faculty of thought. The universe is unquestionably “within us,” and to the dignity of contemplation and thought, may easily be traced the calm and elevated serenity so often found in the countenances of the blind. I have an interesting passage on this subject in my scrap-book :—

“A diseased state of an organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and unless there be an energetic and watchful counteraction of the judgment (of which I have known more than one instance, in which the comparing and reflecting judgment has obstinately, though painfully rejected the full testimony of the senses) will finally over-power it. But when the organ is obliterated, or totally suspended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Passing through Temple Sowerby, in Westmoreland, some ten years back, I was shown a man perfectly blind, and blind from his infancy—Fowell was his name. This man’s chief amusement was fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the river Eden, and up the different streams and tarns among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, likewise, stone blind, a dexterous card-player, who knows every gate and stile far and near throughout the country. These two often coursed together, and the people here, as everywhere, fond of the marvellous, affirm that they were the best beaters up of game in the whole country. The every way amiable and estimable John Gough, of Kendal, is not only an excellent mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist. He has frequently at the first feel corrected the mistakes of the most experienced sportsman, with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed, when it chanced to be a variety or rare species, so completely resembling the common one, that it required great steadiness of observa-

tion to detect the difference, even after it had been pointed out. As to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appears fully equal to that of sight, and the accuracy greater. Good heavens! it needs only to look at him!... Why, his face sees all over! It is all one eye! I almost envied him; for the purity and excellence of his own nature, never broken in upon by those evil looks (or features, which are looks become fixtures) with which low cunning, habitual cupidity, presumptuous sciolism, and heart-hardening vanity, *caledonianize* the human face, it is the mere stamp, the undisturbed *ectypon* of his own soul! Add to this that he is a Quaker, with all the blest *negatives*, without any of the silly and factious *positives* of that sect, which, with all its bogs and hollows, is still the prime sunshine spot of Christendom in the eye of the true philosopher. When I was in Germany, in the year 1798, I read at Hanover, and met with two respectable persons, one a clergyman, the other a physician, who confirmed to me the account of the upper-stall master at Hanover, written by himself, and countersigned by all his medical attendants. As far as I recollect, he had fallen from his horse on his head, and in consequence of the blow lost both his sight and hearing for nearly three years, and continued for the greater part of this period in a state of nervous fever. His understanding, however, remained unimpaired and unaffected; and his entire consciousness, as to outward impressions, being confined to the sense of touch, he at length became capable of reading any book (if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper) with his fingers, in much the same manner in which the piano-forte is played, and latterly, with an almost incredible rapidity. Likewise by placing his hand, with the fingers extended, at a small distance from the lips of any person that spoke slowly and distinctly to him, he learnt to recognize each letter by its different effects on his nerves, and thus *spelt* the words as they were uttered, and then returned the requisite answers, either by signs of finger-language to those of his own family, or to strangers by writing. It was particularly noticed both by himself from his sensations, and by his medical attendants from observation, that the letter *R*, if pronounced full and strong, and recurring once or more in the same word, produced a small spasm, or *twitch* in his hand and fingers. At the end of three years he recovered both his health and senses, and with the necessity, soon lost the power which he had thus acquired."

COMING across the other day, in some political controversy, the same story very differently told by both parties, I was reminded of an instance in *Etherege's* "Love in a Tub," which, besides standing as a fair specimen of such matters, is worth quoting for its exquisite humor. It is, I think, in the fourth scene, at Sir Frederick's Lodging. If you observe, there is little material difference in the two stories of the Foot-boy and Frenchman, though told in direct contradiction to each other:—

Enter Dufoy and Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Duf. Dis is noting; six, seven o'clock in the morning is ver good hour.

Clark. I hope he does not use these hours often.

Duf. Some six, seven time a veek; no oftiner.

Clark. My lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Duf. Matré Clark, to divertise you, I vill tell you how I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matré. About two, tree year ago me had for my convenience discharge myself from attending [*Enter a Foot-boy*] as Matré D'ostel to a person of condition in Parie; it hapen after de dispatché of my little affaire—

Foot-b. That is, after he'd spent his money, Sir.

Duf. Jan foutré de Lacque; me vil have de vip and de belle vor your breeck, rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was a jack-pudding to a mountebank, and turned off for want of wit; my master picked him up before a puppet-show, mumbling a half-penny custard, to send him with a letter to the post.

Duf. Morbleau, see, see de insolence of de Foot-boy English, bogre, rascale, you lie, begar I vill cutté your troaté. [*Exit Foot-boy.*]

Clark. He's a rogue; on with your story, Monsieur.

Duf. Matré Clark, I am your ver humble serviteur; but begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, after de dispatché of affaire, van day being idele, vich does producé de mellanchollique, I did valké over de new bridge in Parie, and to devertise de time, and my more serious toughté, me did look to see de marrioneté, and de jack-pudding, vich did play hundred pretty trické, time de collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I vas unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a darriolé, littel custardé vich did satisfie my appetite ver vel; in dis time young Monsieur de Grandvil (a jentelman of ver great quality, van dat vas my ver good friendé, and has done me ver great and insignal faveure) come by in his caroché, vid dis Sir Frolick, who did pention at the same academy, to learn de language, de bon mine, de great horse, and many oder trické; Monsieur seeing me did make de bowe, and did beken me come to him; he did tellé me dat de English jentelman had de letre vor de posté, and did entreaté me (if I had de opportunity) to see de letre deliver; he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great obligation; de memory of de faveure I had received from his famelyé, beside de inclination I naturally have to servé de strangeré, made me to returné de complemen vid ver great civility, and so I did take de letre and see it deliveré. Sir Frolick perceiving (by de management of dis affaire) dat I vas man d'esprit, and of vitté, did entreaté me to be his serviteur; me did take d'affection to his personé, and vas contenté to live vid him, to counsel and advisé him. You see now de lie of de bougre de lacque English, Morbleu.

THERE is a curious religious epigram, which I have seen in the Spanish, by a Persian poet named Suzeno, who was converted to Christianity. It translates thus:—

"Four things, O my God, I offer thee, which thou hast not in thy treasury—my nothingness, my wants, my sin and my repentance!"

It is melancholy to look over the culinary books of a century or two back, and see what a falling off our own time presents from the goodly splendors of Epicurism. In those days, eating was a sublime science. A good cook was a gift from the gods—"a perfect creature," as Epicurus describes his beau-ideal, "from the pineal gland to the palate, from the palate to the fingers' ends." Look but at the language of the

writers of the classic ages, and you trace the influence of cookery in every line. What but the titillation of a palate exquisitely refined could have produced that juicy description in Aristophanes:—

“ And I love to feel
The *pulpy peel*
Of a swollen fig just ready to burst.”

How did the Greeks define the qualities of a writer? The “*succulent* Herodotus”—the “*oily* Theophrastus”—the “strong *filament* (referring to the grain of meats) of Thucydides.” Even so late as Fletcher’s time, all comparisons, meant to be forcible, were taken from this subject. The Host says, in one of his plays, (making love in a maudlin moment to Jacomo :)—

“ Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee ! By this hand
I love thee next to *malmsey of a morning*.”

Who can read even the title page of an old Cookery Book, without an indescribable feeling of regret mingled with admiration. Hear with what a pomp and circumstance old Robert May announces his subject :—

“ *The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery, wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect method than hath been publisht in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish ; the raising of Pastes ; the best directions for all manner of Kickshaws, and the most Poinant Sauces ; with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all Dishes for the Season, with other a la mode curiosities. Together with the lively Illustrations of such necessary Figures as are referred to practice. Approved by the fifty years’ experience and industry of Robert May, in his attendance on several Persons of Honor. London, 1660.*”

What description of a Naval engagement is more exciting than his directions for one of the “Triumphs” at a great dinner?—

“ Make the likeness of a ship in pasteboard, with flags and streamers, the guns belonging to it of kickses, bind them about with pack-thread, and cover them with paste proportional to the fashion of a cannon with carriages ; lay them in places convenient, as you see them in ships of war, with such holes and trains of powder that they may all take fire. Place your ships firm in a great charger ; then make a salt round about it, and stick therein egg-shells full of sweet water—you may by a great pin take out all the meat out of the egg by blowing, and then fill it with rose-water. Then in another charger have the proportion of a stag, made of coarse paste, with a broad arrow in the side of him, and his body filled up with claret wine. In another charger, at the end of the stag, have the proportion of a castle with battlements, percullices, gates and draw-bridges, made of pasteboard, the guns of kickses, and covered with coarse

paste as the former; place it at a distance from the ship to fire at each other. The stag being placed between them, with egg-shells full of sweet water (as before) placed in salt. At each side of the charger wherein is the stag, place a pie made of coarse paste, in one of which let there be some live frogs, in the other, live birds; make these pies of coarse paste, filled with bran, and yellowed over with saffron, or yolks of eggs; gild them over in spots, as also the stag, the ship and castle; bake them, and place them with gilt bay leaves on the turrets and tunnels of the castle and pies; being baked, make a hole in the bottom of your pies, take out the bran, put in your frogs and birds, and close up the holes with the same coarse paste; then cut the lids neatly up to be taken off by the tunnels. Being all placed in order upon the table, before you fire the trains of powder, order it so that some of the ladies may be persuaded to pluck the arrow out of the stag; then will the claret wine follow, as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration to the beholders, after some short pause, fire the train of the castle, that the pieces all of one side may go off; then fire the trains of one side of the ship, as in a battle; next turn the chargers, and by degrees fire the trains of each other side, as before. This done, to sweeten the stink of the powder, the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other; all dangers being seemed over, and by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies; when, lifting first the lid off one pie, out skips some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pie, whence comes out the birds; who, by a natural instinct, flying at the light, will put out the candles; so that what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company; at length the candles are lighted and a banquet brought in, the music sounds, and every one with delight and content rehearses their actions in the former passages."

So important and dignified, indeed, was this worthy science esteemed, that it had a language of its own—an express vocabulary—Greek to all but the initiated. Alas for our degeneracy!—what modern etymologist will give us the roots of but half the golden epithets that follow:—

"Break that deer, leech that brawn, rear that goose, lift that swan, sauce that capon, spoil that hen, frust that chicken, unbrace that mallard, unlace that coney, dismember that hern, display that crane, disfigure that peacock, unjoint that bittern, untack that curlew, allay that pheasant, wing that partridge, wing that quail, mince that plover, thigh that woodcock, thigh all manner of small birds, timber the fire, tire that egg, chine that salmon, string that lamprey, splat that pike, sauce that plaice, sauce that tench, splay that bream, side that haddock, tusk that barbel, culpon that trout, fin that chevin, transon that eel, tranch that sturgeon, under-tranch that porpus, tame that crab, and barb that lobster."

"Robert May, the author of this book," says his commentator, "was apprenticed, in his early days, to the ablest artist (cook) in London, Arthur Hollingsworth, of famous memory. His prenticeship being out, he was sent for by Lady Dormer to be her deputy cook, under his father, who served her at

that time, where were four cooks more (six cooks ! Lord forgive us for envy !) such noble houses were then kept—the glory of that, and the shame of the present age ! Then were those golden days wherein were practised the Triumphs of Cookery ; then was hospitality esteemed, neighborhood preserved, the poor cherished, and *God honored ; then* (mark the results, dear Reader,) *was religion less talked on, and more practised ; then was atheism and schism less in fashion ; and then did men strive to be good rather than to seem so !* We doubt it not, by this hand ! Dii ! what a difference now ! Dining out is a poor two hours' business—eating and uttering a monosyllable between whiles—some half dozen meagre courses and no “Triumph”—the rich invention and splendid architecture, the very poetry of pastry, done quite away—the noble profession of Cookery demeaned, and, as a natural consequence, “religion *much* talked of,” and “God *less* honored.” We believe, with Alderman Curtis—the soul is in the belly ! Where is your courage, your wit, your mirth, when it is empty ? Where your devotion—your patriotism where ? Was your starveling ever a hero ? Did you ever say a good thing, or peril your costard for the weak, or do a good charity—before dinner ? Are you not always, when your stomach is empty, a cross, grumbling, low-minded fellow—your hands in your pockets—your complexion melancholy, and your fancy duller than Lethe ? Answer me that ! I pin my faith on your skirts, immortal Mrs. Glass ! Yours is the inspiration ! The Seventy-five Receipts shall have a gold clasp—my vade-mecum henceforth. Byron and Bunyan avaunt ! your dynasty is over !

“To all honest, well-intending gentlemen of our profession,” says Mr. May in the Dedication of his Cookery Book to young artists, “this book cannot but be acceptable, as it plainly and profitably discovers the mystery of the whole art ; for which, though I may be envied by some that only value their private interests above posterity and the public good, *yet God and my own conscience would not permit me to bury these my experiences with my silver hairs in the grave.*” With what a redolent and savory richness does the old man embody his thoughts ! What consciousness of the dignity of his theme ! And mark his conclusion. The magnanimity of a great soul shows through it as if his heart was luminous :—“As for those,” says he, “who hide their candle under a bushel, to do only good to themselves and not to others, such as will curse me for revealing the secrets of this art, I value the discharge of mine own conscience in doing good, above

all their malice ; protesting to the whole world, that I have not concealed any material secret of my fifty years' experience. I have no more to do but to desire of God a blessing upon these my endeavors, and remain—Yours in the most ingenuous ways of friendship, Robert May."

I PRESUME, dear Reader, that, like all other sometime enthusiasts, (you would not have followed me so far in my ramblings, if you had not been a fantast after my own heart,) you have been, at some period of your scholar-days, chemistry-mad—your soul bound up in blow-pipes and alembics, and your *sanctum* the receptacle of such pestilent vapors as (now that your stomach is grown delicate,) the very remembrance of them goes nigh to poison your nostril. I cannot well conceive, at this moment, the enduring an experiment on *chlorine* ! I respect myself that I could ever have been the martyr I have to *sulphuretted hydrogen* ! Bah ! I smell them still ! What nerves were ours in those days ! What glorious disregard of complexions—hazarding the explosion of nitrates and imprisoned gases, within a tabular inch of the very skin, we suffer not now "the wind to visit too roughly." It was a glorious folly, nevertheless, and I have often thought since, that the admiration I then felt for the devoted old chemists who wasted their lives searching for the philosopher's stone—an admiration that came with that feverish and proud swell of heart, which accompanied every step of a successful experiment—was the most thrilling and bounding emotion that ever ran through my bosom ! Santa Maria ! what a fire it sent through my veins, when, after hours of anxious care, those brilliant phenomena flashed upon my sight. What sense of power—almost demoniacal—in resolving the processes of nature—bidding matter, by its own mysterious law, take form at command—seizing, Prometheus-like, the very keys which wind up the universe, and only checked in the rash use of them by the dread of the tremendous power they might awaken ! I lighted in those days, with more delight than I care to tell of now, upon some accounts of experiments now lost to the world, one or two of which I find preserved on a page much thumbed in my diary. They are taken from an old history of the reign of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and occur in a description of a visit she made to the Propaganda College, where the celebrated and learned Kircher amused her with chemical experiments.

"She stayed some time," says the historian, "to see the herb called Phoenix, which, resembling the Phoenix, grew up in the waters perpetu-

ally out of its own ashes. She saw the fountains and clocks, which, by virtue of the loadstone, turn about with secret force. She saw the preparation of the ingredients of herbs, plants, metals, gems, and other rare things for the making of treacle and balsom of life. She saw them distil, with the fire of the same furnace, sixty-five sorts of herbs, in as many distinct limbecks. She saw the philosophical calcination of ivory and the like. She saw extracted the spirits of vitriol, salt and aqua-fortis, as likewise a jarre of pure water, which, with only two single drops of the quintessence of milk, was turned into true milk, the only medicine for shortness of the breath, and affections of the breast."

In another book of alchymy, I have seen a further description of this remarkable experiment :—

"Though plants be chopt in pieces, brayed in a mortar, and even burnt to ashes, yet do they nevertheless retaine, by a certaine secret and wonderfull power of nature, both in the juyce and in the ashes, the selfe same forme and figure that they had before; and though it be not there visible, yet it may by art be drawne forth and made visible to the eye, by an artist. This, perhaps, will seem a ridiculous story to those who reade only the titles of bookes; but those that please may see this truth confirmed, if they but have recourse to the workes of Mr. Du Chesne, S. de la Violette, one of the best chemists that our age hath produced, who affirms that himself saw an excellent Polish physician of Cracovia, who kept in glasses the ashes of almost all the hearbes that are knowne; so that when any one out of curiosity had a desire to see any of them, as for example, a rose, in one of his glasses, he tooke that where the ashes of a rose were preserved, and holding it over a lighted candle, so soon as ever it began to feele the heat, you should presently see the ashes begin to move; which afterwards issuing up, and dispersing themselves about the glasse, you should immediately observe a kind of little dark cloud; which, dividing itself into many parts, it came at length to represent a rose; but so faire, so fresh, and so perfect a one, that you would have thought it to have been as substantial, and as odoriferous a rose as any that growes on the rose tree. This learned gentleman says, that himself hath often tryed to do the like, but not finding the successe to answer all the industry he could use, Fortune at length gave him a sight of this prodigy. For, as he was one day practising with M. De Luynes, called otherwise De Fo-mentieres, Counsellor to the Parliament, having extracted the salt of certaine nettles burnt to ashes, and set the lye abroad all night in a winter evening; in the morning he found it all frozen, but with this wonder attending it—that the nettles themselves, with their forme and figure, were so lively, and so perfectly represented on the ice, that the living nettles were not more."

The writer of this old book curiously draws from this an argument against apparitions :—

"From hence we may draw this conclusion, that the ghosts of dead men, which are often seen to appeare in churchyards, are naturall effects, being only the formes of the bodies which are buried in those places, or their outward shapes or figures; and not the souls of those men, or any such like apparition, caused by evill spirits, as the common opinion is. The ancients thought that these ghosts were the good and evill genii which attended alwaies upon armies; but they are to be excused, seeing

they knew not how to give any other reason for these apparitions; it being most certain that in armies, where, by reason of their great numbers, many die, you should see some such ghosts very often, (especially after a battle,) which are, as we have said, only the figures of the bodies excited and raised up, partly by an internall heat, either of the body or of the earth; or else by some externall one, as that of the sun, or of the multitudes of the living, or by the violent noise, or heat of great guns, which puts the aire into a heat."

If you would like to undergo a pleasant delusion, dear Reader, here is the receipt. You must be better and more patient chemists than I, however, if you succeed in the experiment:—

"1. Take four pounds of the seed of the plant which you mean to raise from its ashes; the seed must be thoroughly ripe. Pound it in a mortar; put it in a glass bottle, perfectly clean, and of the height of the plant; close the bottle well, and keep it in a moderate temperature. 2. Expose the pounded seed to the night dew, choosing for this operation an evening when the sky is perfectly clear; spread it upon a large dish, that the seeds may be thoroughly impregnated with the vivifying virtue which is in the dew. 3. Spread a large cloth, which must be perfectly clean, in a meadow, stretched out and fastened to four stakes, and with this collect eight pints of the same dew, which you must put in a clean glass bottle. 4. Replace the seed, which has been impregnated with the dew, in its bottle, before the sun rises, lest the vivifying virtue should evaporate, and place the bottle, as before, in a moderate temperature. 5. When you have collected dew enough you must filtre, and afterwards distil it, in order that no impurities may remain. The dregs must be calcined to extract a salt from them. 6. Pour the distilled dew imbued with this extracted salt upon the seed, and then close the vessel with pounded glass and with borax. It must then be kept for a month in a hot bed of horse-dung. 7. Take out the vessel, and you will see the seed at the bottom become like jelly; the spirit will float on the top like a thin skin of divers colors; between the skin and the thick substance at the bottom, you will see a kind of greenish dew. 8. Expose the vessel, being well closed, during the summer, to the sun by day, and to the moon by night. When the weather is thick and rainy, it must be kept in a dry and warm place. Sometimes the work is perfected in two months, sometimes it requires a year. The signs of success are, when you see that the muddy substance swells and raises itself; that the spirit or thin skin diminishes daily, and that the whole is thickening. Then when you see in the vessel, by the reflection of the sun, subtle exhalations rising and forming light clouds, verily these are the first rudiments of the renascent plant. 9. In fine, of all this matter there ought to be formed a blue powder, and from this powder, when it is excited by heat, there sprouts the stem, leaves and flowers; in one word, the whole apparition of the plant rises out of its ashes. As soon as the heat ceases, the whole spectacle disappears, and the whole matter becomes deranged, and precipitates itself to the bottom of the vessel, to form there a new chaos. The return of heat always resuscitates this vegetable Phœnix, which lies hid in its ashes; and as the presence of heat gives it life, its absence causes its death."

THE RECLAIMED.

THE maiden lay in unbroken sleep within a quiet room,
Where the sky of the golden west looked in, through blossoms of rare
perfume ;
There came no breeze of the ambient air to lift the wandering curl,
As it strayed to the beautiful blue-veined neck of that unshaded girl ;
Her lids were closed as the lilies are, when the sunset's gold hath gone,
And dreams sent out her voice at times like a liquid music tone ;
Her fingers seemed upon her cheek as frail as the stalks of flowers,
And her breathings came like the scented sighs of the South in pleasant
hours.

But who was he, that noble youth, with the curls of chesnut hair,
And a brow than which the silver sea is scarce more smooth and fair ?
He stood in proudly bearing, by the dreamer's silent bed,
Till singing birds had left the skies, and the twilight's blush had fled,
Then bent his eyes more tenderly upon the maid who slept,
Till the fountains of the heart were stirred, and the lofty-minded wept ;
The sleeper woke as her pale cheek felt the burning tears that fell ;
" My brother," faintly murmured she, " thou hast loved me far too well ;

" For I left my home with its pleasant seats, where hang the brilliant vines,
And the moon-lit groves where jasmine with the orange flower twines,
The musical tones which float and fall at evening on the ear,
Waking to life some sleeping dream, or starting the long-dried tear.
I left the sighs of the grand old woods, and the glimmering of the leaves—
The nest of my favorite bird beneath the jutting of the eaves,
No longer glad to see thee come with a footfall firm and light,
Or have that silver voice of thine to soothe my spirits blight.

" I felt my mother's struggling kiss, I looked on her pallid face,
My father clasped me to his breast in a long and wild embrace ;
I saw my sister's agony, as I pressed her quivering hand,
Yet I lingered not, but hurried forth to roam o'er sea and land.
Deep musings of them all have come, in the low and holy hush,
To the saddened soul, like music by a streamlet's pearly gush ;
Bright dreams of home at midnight, when mine eyes had ceased to weep,
Have been stealing to my bosom in its stillness and its sleep.

" Albeit I've crossed the splendid earth, and the deep golden sea,
Yet I have done my pilgrimage, and would return with thee,
But the dark and wayward wanderer, who left her home of bliss,
May never have a father's smile, or a mother's tender kiss ;
The world will be all lost to her whose yearning soul is sad,
The birds and skies may sing and shine, yet she will not be glad ;
Her thoughts must be of distant climes—home may not cheer her gloom,
And her wasting form will 'inly pine' for a slumber in the tomb."

" My sister," said the fair-haired youth, " go to thy home of flowers,
Thy mother oft hath sighed for thee amid the summer hours ;

Full oft the crimson sunset on her hollow cheek hath smiled,
As her orisons went up to heaven for thee her pilgrim child ;
She hath had fearful dreams at night—ill bodings by the day,
Her saddest thoughts have been of thee, alone and far away ;
Her fragile form and faded eye too palpably have told,
The gnawing of a hidden worm, and a bosom growing cold.

“Go to thy verdant home, my love, thy father’s raven hair
Is daily being silvered by the changing hand of care ;
Betraying tears have often bent their course along his cheek,
To tell the wo his haughty lips would never brook to speak ;
His ample brow hath been full dark as he thought of thee, his child,
But memories came of gentle hours before thou wert beguiled,
And thronged the heart with looks, and words, and dances by the stream,
Till thy father’s face would half unbend as he limned that fairy dream.

“Thy sister, too, is a laughing girl, with a footstep like the fawn ;
Her eye is like the orient light which comes at early dawn ;
Her hair is as the raven’s plume, and her pure and pearly teeth
Are set within her rubied lips, like snow-drops in a wreath.
She hath not known a single pang, for the world hath never swept
The trembling chords of her spirit-lyre—she hath not even wept—
She thinks of thee as she would think of a star’s departed beam,
Which she had seen in early youth, or only in a dream.

“And I, my sister, I have come from over hill and sea,
To wean thee from thy journeying, and bring thee home with me ;
I left my father sorrowing, and my mother in her tears,
For they said, I might not bring thee back in many weary years.
Their eyes are bent on every sail that greets our cottage door,
Yet every bark goes dancing by and leaves the level shore,
While thou art standing, even now, irresolute and sad,
Doubting if thy return will make their wounded bosoms glad.”

“Fair brother, I *will* go with thee to find that sunny clime,
Where gently sleeps our vine-clad roof beneath the bending lime,
I will not stay to bid ‘farewell’ to a single lovely spot ;
I scarce will breathe in a single ear, ‘forget—forget me not.’
If my father’s arm will clasp the child who long hath been estranged,
And my mother’s heart is still the same, unwavering and unchanged,
If I may be the cherished one I was in days gone by,
Oh! take me to that welcome home, to live—and love—and die.”

Providence.

A. C. A.

QUARRELS OF DOCTORS.

“Who shall decide when Doctors disagree,” is a proverb which is on every one’s tongue. And we confess that there is some ground for the imputation, which is thus so often cast

upon our profession. The spirit which often prevails among rival physicians is not only disgraceful to them, but full of danger to others—even life itself is sometimes sacrificed to professional piques. Often are the hearts of relatives filled with anguish by the disputes of those on whom they relied for relief. We have known physicians to quarrel even over the death-bed of a little child, in the presence of the anxious, and almost broken-hearted mother. Though professional quarrelling does not every day intrude on such holy ground, nothing is more common than the more ordinary, and less offensive manifestations of the same evil spirit.

What is the cause of this bickering, biting, snarling spirit among so many of a class of men whose art, as it is a *healing*, should also be a *peaceful* one? Is it because the more pugnacious part of mankind enter our profession? By no means. The students of this art (so we found it during our noviciate) are peaceful enough while they remain students; a jovial and kind disposition pervades all their intercourse. They seem to be all at once endowed with the snarling muscles when they begin to practice—the tacking of an M. D. to the end of the name seems to transform some of them, in a twinkling, from lambs into wolves. There is something then in the *circumstances* of the profession, uncommonly favorable to the developement of a pugnacious spirit. It will be my object to point out the causes which so operate.

There is no science which is in a more unsettled state than medicine. Theories of the most contradictory nature are every day rising and falling; and there is a fashion in medicine, as well as in everything else. Other professions have their common and settled authorities to refer to; but not so in medicine. The lawyer refers to “the law;” the divine, to “the law and the testimony;” but the doctor assumes the right of disputing, if he pleases, all authorities, from Hippocrates downward to the present time. A man would rack his brains for a long time, before venturing to call in question a decision of Chief Justice Marshall; but the most ignorant pretender in medicine may even gain credit, and what is of more importance to him, money too, by setting up a bold front against the whole faculty.

Besides, the public have no *direct* means of judging whether a physician practises on correct principles, for the whole science of medicine is to them a mystery. He can commit the greatest and most deadly errors in practice, even while his poor patients and their friends have the most unlimited confidence in his skill and wisdom. His professional inter-

course with them is wholly a matter of *confidence*. They follow his prescriptions, not because they actually *know* them to be proper—they *suppose* them to be so from their confidence in his professional character. No one can judge correctly of the practice of a physician but a brother physician. Accordingly there are men who have considerable reputation with the public, but have a very low standing among the members of the profession. We know men that are called good surgeons, who have few other qualifications than boldness in the use of the knife, and indifference to the flow of blood. In such a state of things, it is very obvious that a physician may quarrel with his brethren in matters of opinion or practice, and though he may be wholly wrong, and even palpably ignorant of his profession, the public in general know not but that he is wholly right.

If the public could judge correctly of the practice of physicians, every quack would be obliged to bid adieu to his *sovereign* remedies; for it would then be perceived that when he pours in his potions, pills, &c. he knows little more than that there is a stomach there to receive them. But at present, quacks and mongrels (i. e. half quack and half doctor) often succeed marvellously. Many a downright murder is committed, and yet the murderer is shielded from punishment by his assumed title of Doctor, or perchance by an M. D. given him by the faculty. The man who practises medicine without being qualified for it, often gets a full purse, by scattering "firebrands, arrows and death." Nay, more, he receives praise for his wisdom, perhaps, even his benevolence.

Let me not be understood to mean, that the public have no means at all of estimating the professional merit of physicians. They have *indirect* means of doing so, which are safe so far as they go, and would generally be satisfactory, were they not very commonly disregarded. If a physician shows, in his conduct *as a man*, the influence of good sense, intelligence and sound principle, it may be inferred that the same qualities enter into his *professional* character also. But how common is it to see the absurd notion practically adopted, though perhaps it is seldom distinctly avowed, that a man may be both ignorant and base, and yet be a good and skilful physician. And how often are health and life itself committed to the charge of an intemperate man, as if skill in combatting disease could survive the wreck of the mind, and devise and act as wisely as ever, even in the midst of intoxication.

Many seem to suppose that there is a mysterious sort of skill, or at least a peculiar fitness to practise the healing art,

which is given to some by nature, and is wholly independent of education ; or, as it is vulgarly, but aptly expressed, that some are *cut out* for doctors. And this notion is not entirely confined to the ignorant, but even sensible and well-informed men often appear to think there is some truth in it, though they would by no means plainly assert and defend such an absurdity. It is the prevalence of this notion that fills the purses of *natural* bone-setters, herb-doctors, and the whole race of quacks. A sensible man once very gravely told us, that he knew a celebrated natural bone-setter, who used to amuse himself, when a boy, by catching chickens and putting their bones out of joint, and immediately placing them back again. Perhaps a phrenologist might have discovered a *bone-setting* bump on his cranium.

The circumstances, which we have noticed as attending the relation in which a physician stands to the community, will explain the success which attends art and intrigue in the practice of medicine. Since the community is so apt to err in estimating the professional merit of practitioners, both from the circumstances of the case, and from the false notions which are so prevalent on this subject, ignorant and unfaithful physicians often acquire, by putting on the appearance of wisdom, and pursuing a course of art and intrigue, a reputation for marvellous skill and experience. It would be tedious to allude to the numerous little expedients which such men adopt to obtain their end. They are the more successful, from the very intimate relation in which they stand to their patients. It is very easy to convince those to whom they have at any time afforded relief from pain and disease, that they are both wonderfully wise, and wonderfully kind. The practice of such arts must make a man mean enough to pick quarrels with his neighbors, if for no other reason than to gain notoriety. An intriguing man is, to say the least, not over fond of peace.

We will notice but two more circumstances, which favor the disposition to quarrelling in our profession. Every physician counts up the families that employ him. They are of course strongly attached to him, and he always has their sympathies and exertions in his favor. They recommend perhaps his *excellent mixture for a cough*, or his *headache pills* ; they always call him skilful and kind, and if he has rubs with his brethren, they are his faithful partisans.

The remaining circumstance to be noticed, is the very limited intercourse between physicians, compared with that which is seen in the other professions. Physicians are very

seldom brought together except in consultations, and as these are commonly conducted, their influence is far from being the best, either upon the welfare of the patient, or upon the feelings and conduct of physicians towards each other. There is much truth in the saying—if you have two doctors it is a bad case; if three, there is a poor chance for you.

We see then that the circumstances in which physicians are placed, both in relation to each other and to the community, are well calculated for the developement of a quarrelling disposition; and it is the nature of man to quarrel when everything is convenient for doing so. But the circumstances of physicians are by no means such, that they must *necessarily* fight with each other. The physician of substantial qualifications and good principles, is one of the most peaceable and agreeable, as well useful members of society. He despises the arts of the ignorant pretender, and he will not stoop to the cat and dog fighting which disgraces so many of the members of our profession. He feels not the need of purchasing success in so dishonorable a manner—he goes straight onward in his course of integrity, and reaps at length a harvest of success. The ignorant, intriguing, blustering physician may at first outrun him in the race, but he will be despised, from the beginning, by the better part of the community, and a few years will show him that, with all his noise and bluster, his more quiet and wiser neighbor is getting fast the ascendancy. True merit will generally, though not always, triumph sooner or later over mere outward show. It often happens that the physician of sterling, but modest merit, when he comes to enter upon the field of labor, finds on the ground a man palpably ignorant and base, enjoying an extensive and lucrative practice, covering his ignorance with a show of wisdom, and his baseness with a show of kindness. While he advances slowly, he sees this man glorying in the number of his patients; but he sees too, that with all his success he has not the esteem of the most intelligent part of the community, and he feels content with his own slow advances, and wishes not to barter the esteem of the wise and good for dollars and cents. He feels assured that he will eventually succeed, and he knows that his success will not, like that of his competitor's, be attended with the memory of an intriguing, noisy and dishonorable course. He will be conscious that his is the success of merit. His opponent may bluster, may insult him, may endeavor to brow-beat him, but his onward course cannot be stopped—though his success may be slow it will be sure.

It will be seen from what we have already said, that we think the real cause of the quarrelling character of our profession is to be found, chiefly at least, in the great number of unworthy, unqualified members with which it is crowded; and that this spirit is developed, and made more prominent than in the other professions, by the circumstances and relations in which physicians stand before the public. We believe that more ignorant pretenders enter our profession than either of the others, and from the very circumstances which we have been speaking of, as being peculiarly favorable to the developement of a pugnacious spirit. Ignorance and baseness have less fear of detection in the practice of medicine than in the other professions. Far be it from us to slander our own craft. We will not present merely the dark parts of the picture. There is in our ranks a most incongruous mixture of good, bad and indifferent; but the number of the good is by no means small—on the contrary, it is so great as to give to our profession, as a whole, a high character for learning and intelligence. Blackstone speaks of “the character for general and extensive knowledge which this (the medical) profession, beyond others, has remarkably deserved.” Dr. Parr says, “I must confess that in erudition, in science, and in habits of deep and comprehensive thinking, the pre-eminence, in some degree, must be assigned to physicians.” Such praise, coming from such a quarter, must have been wholly disinterested.

But to return to the dark shades of our picture. The art of medicine has always been peculiarly liable to be adopted by great numbers who were totally unqualified for it. In the time of Henry V. we find a petition beginning thus:—“Hey and most mighty prince, noble and worthy lords, spirituel and temporel and worshipfull comunes, for so moche as a man hath thre things to governe, that is to say, soule, body and worldly goods, the which ought and shulde ben principally revealed by thre sciences, that ben divinitie, fisyk and lawe, the soule by divinitie, the body by fisyk, worldly goods by lawe, and those conynges should be used and practised principally by the most conyng men in the same sciences, and most approved in cases necessities to encrease of virtue, long life and gards of fortune, to the worship of God and comyn profit. But, worthi soveraines, hit is known to your hey discretion meny uncunning and unaproved in the aforesaide science practiseth, and specially in fisyk,” &c. The following is from a petition in the reign of Henry VIII.:—“That common artificers, as smiths, weavers and women boldly and accus-

tomably take upon them great cures, and things of great difficulty, in the which they partly use sorcery and witchcraft, partly apply such medicines unto the disease as be very noxious, and nothing meet, therefore, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage and destruction of many of the king's liege people, most especially of them that cannot discern the uncunning from the cunning."

The medical profession has been infested in the same way down to the present time; but we are glad to see that this evil is now, from obvious causes, fast diminishing. By looking back on the history of medicine, we shall find that this evil has prevailed just in proportion to the loose and unsettled state of our profession. Whenever the standard of medical education has been low, and few restraints existed, ignorance and knavery have abounded. Look at this country, for instance, previous to the Revolution. A Dr. Douglass, in a publication about the year 1753, says that it was very common to practise by the London quack bills, and that many practitioners read nothing else. "Our American practitioners," he says, "are so rash and officious, the saying in the Apocrypha may with much propriety be applied to them—'He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hands of the physician.' Frequently there is more danger from the physician than from the distemper." "When I first arrived in New England, I asked a noted practitioner what was their general method of practice: he told me their practice was very uniform—bleeding, vomiting, blistering, purging, anodyne, &c.; if the illness continued, there was *repetendi*, and finally, *murderandi*." This is truly an appalling picture. But we see the same evils now, in a less degree, it is true, but they are still sufficiently great to awaken apprehension and solicitude. Ignorance and knavery are still sacrificing health and life on the altar of mammon. The whole community is suffering from this dreadful evil; but they are the principal sufferers who, as it is well expressed in the petition from which we have made an extract above, "cannot discern the uncunning from the cunning."

Thus we see that a depressed standard of medical education opens the door for ignorance and knavery, and we may add, for *quarrelling* also. An ignorant physician is very apt to be a quarrelsome one. Possessing either an ill-founded self-confidence, or a consciousness of his ignorance and unfitness, and finding that, as he practises an art full of mystery to all around him, he can very easily impose upon their credulity,

he gives his pills and potions without a fear that his ignorance will be detected. Such a man will be strongly tempted to resort to the thousand little arts and intrigues, which so much disgrace our profession. And he is well calculated too for snarling and fighting; for the physician who makes a great bluster, talks like an oracle, boasts of his cures, rides furiously when he has nothing to ride after, takes particular pains to go into church late, and to slam the door after him, especially when *called out*, &c. &c. cannot be very averse to picking quarrels with his brethren.

But it may be said that quarrelling is not confined to the ignorant and unqualified, but some of the wisest and most celebrated of physicians are guilty of the most disgraceful fighting. We allow and lament the fact. But we think that, even in this case, the low state of a large part of the profession is the principal cause of the continuance, and perhaps the beginning of such quarrels. They would not be tolerated if the profession were in a proper state—the shouts and huzzas of spectators would not then spur on the combatants. We do not mean to say that if the profession were in a proper state, both as to education and the regulation of their intercourse, all *controversy* would cease—but that it would seldom degenerate into absolute quarrelling; in short, that doctors would not be so pre-eminently pugnacious as they now are. We can never expect to see quarrelling entirely prevented, however great may be the future improvement of our profession, for there are always some men in every profession, (and the number is by no means small,) who will fight under any circumstances—they feel it to be as necessary to their existence as eating is. Their language is practically, we must fight—if there be nothing to fight about, still we *must* fight.

We hail every indication of the advancement of our profession to a higher standard; and the exertions of some of the first members of it, towards embodying physicians into a well organized community, are certainly to be highly applauded. In some parts of our country these efforts have been very successful. A high standard has been sanctioned by the general voice of the medical community, and proper principles, regulating the intercourse of physicians with each other and the public generally, have been almost universally recognized as binding—such as men of honor and principle should observe. But we are sorry to see, that even some of the respectable members of the profession, seem rather disposed to lower than raise the standard of attainments among physi-

cians. We shall not be accused of exclusiveness in our views, if we say that medical schools are too much multiplied, and that the requisitions in some of them are far too low. We would go further: there are not wanting instances of neglect, on this point, in some institutions of the very first reputation in this country. We believe that when the standard of medical attainments shall be raised far above what it is now, and not till then, will our profession be free from the disgrace of a quarrelling and bickering spirit.

MEDICUS.

TREES.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THERE is nothing in nature more noble than a fine old tree, towering above the earth with grand dignity, and receiving the first sunbeam as a radiant crown of jewels upon its head, and the dews of the night, like sprinklings of diamonds amongst its foliage. It has always been a subject of fine thoughts and pleasant associations with me, and I never, as L. E. L. somewhere quaintly says, so sensibly "feel all my finest feelings," as when, in a Summer noon, I lie leisurely along upon the green sward, with a canopy of nature's loveliest network over my head. How prettily LEIGH HUNT describes a seat like this! If I remember it aright, it is something like this:—

"Here's the place to seat us, love!
A perfect arbor,—look above,
How the delicate sprays, like hair,
Bend them to the breaths of air!
Listen, too—it is a rill,
Telling us its gentle will.
Who, that knows what luxury is,
Could go by a place like this?"

The influences which seem, at these times, to be showered down upon me by every gentle zephyr, are soothing and happy; and even when there floats no breeze among the overhanging branches—when the sultriness of the midsummer pervades the atmosphere, and there breathes around me not even a whisper, and there waves above me not even a single leaf to disturb the deepened hush, there is still a beautiful

charm in such a situation. The rays of the sun, which parch the flowers skirting the garden walk, and wither the verdure and blush of the

———“Lanes so full of roses,
And fields so grassy deep,”

and which turn to golden yellow the harvest that waves upon the hill-side, cannot penetrate here. Never a leaf within my sight is changed from its own bright green, though it hangs so motionless from its bough—never a fountain of that pellucid stream is dried up beneath the sun—for his blaze cannot reach one of the thousand little springs that contribute to its creation, and which send it rippling and murmuring along at my feet.

BRYANT, whose muse seems to be the Genius of American Forest-scenery, describes its Spring beauties with exquisite fidelity in the following two or three verses, which I put down here from memory :—

When Spring to woods and wastes around
Brings bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky,
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless near the fatal spot
Her young the partridge led.

There is a fine philosophy in Trees, and they have many a tongue to speak it forth audibly and impressively. It is a philosophy which tells of what has been, and sketches the scenes of olden time in beautiful and powerful colors ; each leaf has a story, each trunk is a monument of the past. The music which murmurs from every bough is a voice that celebrates the glory, or bewails the departure of by-gone days ; and the circles which mark its age at the heart of the trunk, are but so many lessons of life, to teach its fleetness, and to record its instability. And there is a sober and religious sanctity in meditating upon green woods. They are full of instruction, and furnish delightful topics for reflection, and consolatory guides to calm, and peaceful, and soothing thoughts, when we would commune with ourselves and be still. BRYANT calls them sanctuaries, and so they are :—

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them ; ere he framed
 The lofty vault to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thoughts of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
 Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn——.

I feel a grief at times, like that with which I might mourn the loss of a faithful friend, when I behold a majestic and ancient tree being levelled to the ground, and all its bright garniture of blossoms and leaves despoiled and trampled in the dust ; and I have fancied that the crash which succeeds its mighty fall, was a gush of noble indignation, like that which might burst from a king, when bearded in his own hall. And this reminds me of a paper in the *SPECTATOR*, wherein is given a translation of a fable by Apollonius, the Greek Poet, concerning the nymphs called Hamadryads, who were supposed by the ancients to preside over trees ; and whose fates were supposed to be identified with those of the trees themselves. Of course all who cherished the latter were sure to merit the peculiar favor of the nymphs, whose lives were thus preserved by mortal care. It is a beautiful conceit, and I copy the fable alluded to as a further illustration of it :—

“ Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to throw in fresh earth at its roots, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having thanked him for his kindness, declared herself ready to grant whatever favor he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be honored by the bestowment of her hand in wedlock. The Hamadryad, not displeased with the request, promised to do so, telling him that at an appointed time she would send a bee to him, to apprise him of her readiness to perform her promise. Rhæcus, however, when the faithful messenger-bee came buzzing about

his ears, on this errand, forgot the promise of the nymph, and rudely brushed away the bearer of her kind invitation. So provoked was the Hamadryad with her own disappointment and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much crippled but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress."

And there are the fables of Erisichthon, the Delphian Grove, and that at Dodona, all of them, with many more, replete with proof of the veneration with which the ancients regarded Trees.

I was writing of the destruction of Trees—Who does not remember CAMPBELL's exquisite lines, "The Beech's Petition?" What can be more beautiful than the concluding stanzas?—

Thrice twenty Summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
Since childhood in my rustling bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youths and lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
And on my trunks surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground,
By all that love hath whispered here,
Or beauty heard, with ravished ear,
As love's own altar honor me,—
Spare, woodman! spare the Beechen Tree!

There is a fine passage in the first chapter of IVANHOE, which I never can forget any more than I can the delight with which I at first read it. I copied it among my "Leaves" then, and from them I have transcribed it, I had well nigh said, an hundred times, and here it is again. What can be more delightful than the idea contained in the first italicised sentence? and the language too—how vivid the picture it has sketched! The scene is beside the river Dove, in merry England, in the time of Richard I.:—

"The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. *Hundreds of broad, short stemmed oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman Soldiery, flung their broad, gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward:* in some places, they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming *those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to lose itself,* while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a *broken and discolored light,* that partially hung upon

the shattered boughs, and mossy trunks of the trees ; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way."

How charming are those stanzas of Mrs. HEMANS, entitled "The Last Tree of the Forest !" They have always struck me as far superior to the majority of her Poems. The two first of them, comprising the address to the Tree, are remarkably fine :—

"Whisper, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
One where a thousand stood !
Well might proud tales be told of thee,
Last of the solemn wood !

"Dwells there no voice amid thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green ?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows,—
Tell us what thou hast seen !"

What a rich and fruitful theme for a poet is this ! How replete with high and beautiful inspiration—how redolent of the true spirit of genuine poetry ! What Tree is there, among all we have loved, and upon each of which our thoughts have rested and still rest with such happy memories, that does not seem ready to tell us some tale of pleasure or of sadness—that does not seem, while it waves proudly over our heads, as if it had memory of the past, and breath and voice to utter its secrets ?

I have been a passionate admirer of forests and woody retreats from my earliest days ; and I have thrown together many a tribute to their praise, from many a worshipper of their beauty ; and I shall close this rambling transcript, by pointing out some of the prettiest of them to your notice, and that of your good readers :—

—————"The leafy hills so calmly lie,
There seems no living thing in all the scene,
Only that lavish garniture of green,
Gold-tinted, where the pine tree tapers high."

PERCIVAL.

"I remember, I remember the fir trees, dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven, than when I was a boy."

HOOD.

"Many a tall, out-branching tree
Seems to repose on yon pale sky—
Like hearts, from human trial free,
Upon a blest eternity."

FAIRFIELD.

To E. A. R.

"The spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
 And wheels her course in joyous flight ;
*I know her track through the balmy air,
 By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
 She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
 And gems the valley with crystal sheen.
 At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
 Where bowering elms over waters meet," &c. &c.*
 DAWES.

'Tis morning's prime. "Athwart the Trees
 A brassy lustre shines ; where matin beads,
 Like drops of light, have diamonded the boughs ;
 And here and there some crisped and glossy stream,
 Lit by a peeping ray, laughs through the leaves."
 MONTGOMERY.

And now 'tis noon. "The Trees stand still
 Amid the air, and at their matted trunks
 The ploughman lies, *his head upon his palms,*
 While 'tween the spangled leaves the sheen of heaven
 Gleams on him beauteously."
 Ibid.

I have very many more, but my extracts have already been
 copious, and I must take my leave. o***.
 Newburyport.

To E. A. R.

I KNEW a being like to thee,
 A lip as pure and undefiled,
 An eye as blue, and clear and mild,
 A breast like snow-foam on the sea,
 When summer breezes revel there ;
 With tresses like a shower of light,
 Around a neck which angels might
 Mistake for one of their's—so fair.

Her smile to me was like the sun's
 Unto the raven clouds, that sleep
 Between the blue sky and the deep,
 And as the crimson radiance runs
 Along their misty bosoms, while
 They linger in the morning ray,
 And blush, and burn, and melt away,
 So changed my spirit to her smile.

She was most like the budding rose
 In innocence and gentleness,
 And every morning sun, to bless
 Me, who adored her, did disclose

New shapes of loveliness—unfurl
 A fresher leaf from beauty's fold,
 Or revel with his rays of gold,
 In some more fair and shining curl.

Her spirit had a diamond truth,
 As clear, and bright, and free of sin,
 As full of beauty apt to win;
 And she led on my early youth,
 And fashioned me till I should seem
 Like some one she had seen in sleep,
 For whom her love was pure and deep—
And I was like her blessed dream!

But soon her light of life was dim,
 And not from grief—and not from age;
 Grief wrote upon her being's page
 A slow and saddening funeral hymn;
 And like a billow on the main,
 Or like the sun, in crimson drest,
 Far in the melancholy west,
 Sank she from life to death again.

And then from joy and hope I fled,
 As gloomy as an evening cloud
 Upon the silent mountains bowed,
 And knew no light—for she was dead;
 And though the stars from evening's shrine
 Have thrown their cold rays on my heart,
 They could not bid those feelings start
 Which, when the sun was up, were mine.

I often dream how blest I were
 If she had lingered with me still,
 To cheer me when my heart is ill,
 To share my joy, and soothe my care;
 But there the marble stone is set,
 And when I wake it greets my eye,
 And where I go I find it nigh—
 A grave-stone in the night-dews wet.

Thou 'mindst me of that absent girl—
 And something like her's is thy mood,
 So equable, and mild and good,
 And heedless of life's dazzling whirl;
 And there is something in thy smile
 That 'minds me of a happier day,
 And leads my weary soul away,
 And all my sorrow doth beguile.

J. O. R.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.*

THE Monument! The Monument! How has the mountain labored with the Monument—and what a result! Our southern countrymen have not suffered even the gallant *foreigners* who fell for them, to lie in their graves of blood without honor, while, for more than fifty years, the bones of Warren and his comrades have lain upon Charlestown hills like the bones of culprits. Tell it not in Gath, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. They who beat the reveillé of the Revolution—a roll that will stir brave hearts for ages; they who lifted the first flag, and welcomed the day-break of liberty with the first battle-guns—a roar whose echo will go over land and sea, until all nations in all time shall hear—their bones lay upon Charlestown heights like the bones of felons. How, indeed, have the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! And how *are* they fallen—the living far more than the dead! But it *will* be told. It will be told for the shame of the proud city and the proud state of the North—yea, for the shame of the Pilgrim land, where, of all lands, so many of us reverently thank God, like the Senator of Maine, that we were born. Some day or other it must be a cruel reproach to us. And it is one of those reproaches we shall bear least patiently. It is not our father's fault, but our own. They cannot taunt *them*. That ground has been tried. Bravely have we beaten off all the assailants of New England honor, with an incantation of the names of northern heroes and northern battle-fields. Most valorously have we lain among the graves of the patriots, and made missiles of their mouldering bones. But the next charge will be—that, descended of such men as we have proved them, we cannot estimate their worth or our own honor. We suffer their uncommemorated dust to be trampled on by the common herd. We suffer holy and high places, sprinkled but half a century ago with the blood of sacrifice, to be over-grown, like the ruins of Ilium.

But it is not only as New Englanders that we should fear reproach. We must expect it and meet it abroad, as well as at home—at a distance which renders sectional divisions a

* This subject has been one that we have hitherto preferred to let alone—not for want of respect for our estimable neighbor, Mrs. Hale, but because we rather think it a piece of amiable Quixotism. A very pleasant friend has chosen to write upon it, however, and we have no objection to giving him the room. ED.

matter of no note or distinction. In a word, the reproach must be national. They who fill the squares of their cities with monuments, and their very temples with banners, may well laugh us to scorn. We are a nation of boasters, say they. We boast, too, not of what we have done or are doing, but of what our fathers did. Miserable gasconade! While we suffer such men, by our own showing, to lie "uncoffined and unknown."

It will be seen I am a Monument man. I belong to the mountain. For I have learned (at a distance which makes news with me, what may be stale and flat there) the design of the Bunker Hill Monument is resuscitated—I think it is said, by the ladies. Whether under the circumstances, I am of their opinion, or they are of mine, may be a question of more subtlety than moment. Be that as it may—I am no denizen of *the* city, and no member of *the* state. I have no local pride to gratify; no prejudice but such as may be common, I trust, with more than two millions of my countrymen. The fame of Warren is the inheritance of all. It matters but little in what country or state he fell—we do not estimate the worth of men, as the honor of a people, by degrees of latitude and longitude. We do not ask if Themistocles or Napoleon died in their own country; or if Nelson or Bacon died upon the north or south side of the seas. Enough for us and for all ages, that they were Greeks, Britons and Frenchmen. And when, in our turn, our history shall be buried in the waves of time, with but here and there a bright name leaving the tide, like the remnants of a vast wreck, and we shall be rescued in human memory, only as the land of Washington, and Franklin, and Warren, and the Monument will be sought for with the Parthenon, who will ask if it stood strictly according to Morse, in the limits of Massachusetts Proper? And if no such Monument exist, how would it justify the sons of the Pilgrims, that in 1830 there were not enough of one party or one section to build it? The others had no interest in the matter. They belonged to other parishes. They lived west of the Connecticut, or north of the Merrimack. They were masons or anti-masons. They were war men or peace men. They would not even suffer their women to do it. They were afraid of the moral influence of their wives and sisters, and so dishonored their fathers. Most noble race! A Monument should be built, if not to their father's valor, to their own discretion. How liberally patriotic! How scrupulously pious! Ah! but the times were hard; they would have given their heroes a grave-stone as well when they died together upon

the battle-field, as when they died separately in peace, but the times were hard. Money was scarce, and they could not pay for the granite. So they concluded to let the old gentlemen's bones lie as they were, and cancel the indecency by firing squibs on the 4th of July, valorously eating fat dinners, and supporting the militia system, from pure regard for their memories, at a great expense of——rum and blank cartridges!—very much as the Governor of Tortugas wears a cocked hat in defence of his majesty's island. The argument is a great one—\$50,000 for 2,000,000 of people—the wealthiest, the poorest, the least taxed, the most extravagant on earth, who spent more than that sum when the corner-stone was laid, in marching and eating! It reminds one of the resolve of Congress, after a week's debate, that they could not vote Mustapha a pair of breeches. It was inconsistent with economy.

Very well! but now we think of it, we are conscientious. The corner-stone was laid with masonic honors; and masonry, as we have proved by our continued and complete disclosures, is a secret combination. We would be gallant to the ladies, were it not for Morgan's unavenged ghost and the masons.

I avow that I allude to this miserable conceit in mere sport. I would not insult any numerous and worthy class of men, however I may disagree with them in creed, by pretending to believe them influenced by such a train of reasoning, or such a tone of feeling. The reader may accuse me of making this part of my sport of the whole cloth; but not so. An Editor has actually said, that the ladies should be discouraged in the noble and honorable labor they have recently undertaken for the country—because when the corner-stone of the frustum of the Monument was laid, a few masons assisted as masons, in common with an hundred citizens. Whereupon the Editor felt it his duty to button his pocket, and sound the tocsin. Our countrymen should be alarmed. Our liberties are in danger.* I am aware that others have samples upon this subject; and such as deserve notice, though they may not be well founded. They suppose it the tendency of this measure to cherish a martial spirit wantonly. We think not so. It is not the question, if a Monument shall be

* This scrupulous young man discontinued an exchange with a country paper, because the latter had copied from the Boston Statesman, without comment, a literary notice of Brainard, soon after his decease. "This man once said (wrote the editor) 'Masonry defied the world in arms'—we cannot exchange." We vouch for this amusing anecdote as a fact.

placed over all soldiers that fell bravely, but whether acknowledging, as we do, that we owe everything to the war of the Revolution, it is not well that those who began it, after the longest possible forbearance, against fearful odds, amid fire and blood, in actual self-defence, should be honored with the common courtesies of distinction. It is not to immortalize them as soldiers, but, whatever else they were, because they were martyrs—the first martyrs, in the holiest of human causes. It is not to perpetuate the spirit of war, but the spirit of religious and civil freedom. It is not to honor *them*, only, or to gratify national or sectional vanity at the moment, but to keep fresh in the hearts of all generations, proud memories, and lofty hopes.

I confess it is to me a sublime thought, that ages hence, when wanderers from every clime shall approach these Pilgrim shores, their first associations shall be connected with the Monument of Charlestown. Far off they will see the sunshine lingering upon its lofty summit, and playing among the folds of its starry banner; and those who won, and those who erected it will be remembered together.

FUNERAL OF RED JACKET—*The Oneida Chieftain.*

Low on his bier he lay,
He, of the glance of fire,
Whose mighty eloquence held sway
O'er red-browed babe and sire;
And long each stricken chief
Stood in his silent wo,
Until the gathered tide of grief
Gushed forth in murmurs low.

“Why dost thou sink to sleep
Forgetful of our care?
Why is thy quiet dream so deep,
While we thy race despair?
Thou, of the eagle eye,
Thou, of the lion brow,
Thou, like the oak in majesty,
Why art thou absent now?

“With scorn and anguish wrung,
Despised, we bow us down;
Where is the thunder of thy tongue?
The lightning of thy frown?

The Philosophy of a Cigar.

Like shadows quick withdrawn,
 We fleet, we fade away,
 As floats the trembling mist of dawn
 Before the king of day.

"The hunted wild deer flies
 To gain his thicket lair,
 For this the swallow cleaves the skies—
 The Indian's home is—*where?*"
 Hark, to the answering wind!—
 "Your fathers' graves behold,
 And happiest they who soonest find
 Rest in those mansions cold."

The echo of their woes
 Died on the wintry plain,
 Ere woman's rushing wail arose
 In wild and tender strain:—
 "Calm is thy pulseless breast,
 Unclenched thy warrior hand—
 Thy people roam the earth unblest,
 Thou seek'st the spirit land;

Thou joy'st in regions bright,
 Where shades of heroes dwell;
 O thou who wert our guiding light,
 Our nation's breath—farewell!"
 The hoary chieftains sighed,
 As that low grave they crost,
 For the last embers of their pride
 Were in its ashes lost.

H.

 THE PHILOSOPHY OF A CIGAR.

I AM an inveterate smoker—and therefore I see no reason why I should not descant upon that delight and luxury, as well as other men upon reading, music, poetry and painting. I admire to sit down in the cool of the morning, with some grammar of some language, or some book of a strange tongue before me, and smoke myself into forgetfulness. It is then that I see an Italian sunrise—a Grecian noon or sunset; it is then that maidens come dancing before me, as I am reading and learning expressions of endearment and love, in some soft language—Spanish maids, with their black eyes, and noble features, and beautiful forms—the merry girls of France, with what Hunt would call their laughingness and chattiness—and

those of Italy and Greece, the most superb and magnificent of heaven's creatures. Then is it that I lie under orange trees, or in ruined temples, and hear soft music. Oh! there is nothing like a cigar and the study of a modern language in the morning.

At night, just after sunset, when the sky is all covered with streamers and banners of gold and jewelry, as if it were unrolling and showing the heavens above it, when I have left my slavery—for I confess in sorrow, but not in shame, that I am a pedagogue—then to sit down, open all the windows, and bury yourself in some fine poem or novel—to be on the silent seas with Coleridge, or under the ruined tower with Genevieve—to be with Shelley away among the clouds of Caucasus, or with his lark, in the sun-light, to range the bottom of the sea with Keats, or sleep with him, with our eyes wide open, in the moon-light, or to walk in the spirit above the earth with Byron; to revel in the pages of Scott or Bulwer; or, more delicious still, to get among the writers of olden days—Oh! there is nothing like this—with your cigar half neglected between your lips—with a kind of half conscious, half positive, idle delight—the most delicious thing in the world—there is nothing like it, indeed—I don't know anything which can be compared to it—it is the most perfect species of Epicurism, joined, as it is, to the mental pleasures.

I hold that it requires a man of good mind to enjoy a cigar. It requires a man who relishes those little nice pleasures, which the *world* never enjoys—such a man as would like the beautiful little jewels of Keats, and the burning flashes of Shelley—such a man as would relish, ay, start to his feet and tingle all over at hearing some of the high notes of Ostinelli's violin—a man of beautiful, nice and discriminating mind. I think I am far enough from it yet, but I do hope sometime or other to think myself worthy of a cigar. I have a friend, however, of this stamp. I have walked with him, and ridden by his side, when he has been silent for a half hour, and at last has broken the stillness by whispering some line or two of one or the other of his favorite poets—and I believe that I may thank him for all the love I bear to poetry. His taste is exquisite; and he is the only man that I know who enjoys a cigar—that is, as a cigar ought to be enjoyed. He never smokes without doing something else at the same time; and of late he has smoked no where save on the sofa in our room. He says it is the only place where smoking is a luxury to him.

There are men who should never be allowed to smoke a cigar. I have one in my mind's eye now, who read the *Anciente Marinere* and told me *it was pretty!* That man would as soon devour a 'long nine' as revel upon a true luxury from l'Habana. There is another too, who has told me that he would not give a farthing to hear the beautiful sweetnesses of Ostinelli—(Hunt again, but it is the best word here in the world)—not a farthing to hear them an hour by Shrewsbury clock. *He* would go to sleep with one of my best cigars in his mouth. Then there is one who tells me that Coleridge and Byron are unnatural; and that they are too violent; professing at the same time to know a hawk from a handsaw. He would put a lump of sugar in the best yellow cigar that ever came up by Cape Hatteras, to sweeten the flavor.

But there are men who sin more directly. There is one, perhaps, who will sit of an evening and smoke you off a dozen cigars; perhaps taking your best Spanish and biting off a huge piece every two minutes, as if he desired to get rid of it as soon as possible. That is a most foul traitor. Do you think I would offer him a cigar?—No; it is unpardonable to be gluttonous in the matter of cigars. I hate a man who reads poetry as he would a law-book—two or three hundred pages a day. I never trust to a man's taste, who does not stop and think and meditate upon the beautiful things that he has fallen upon; and so I would not believe him to enjoy a cigar, or to have a taste for one who smokes like a sensualist.

There are the different kinds of cigars, too—here is one man who will smoke anything—a long nine, or a seroot, or a Spaniard—Oh the murdering villain!—(to become an Irishman.) Why, a tolerably accomplished Calmuc Tartar would show more taste. Just think of one who smokes a cigar four or five inches long. My dear Reader I do hope that you never do such things. I would fain hope that you can decide, and that right skilfully, on the quality of a cigar—that you can tell the least—the very least mixture of American among the fragrance of your cigar. Can you?—if not, I adjure you learn immediately. People talk of the pleasure of following out a geometrical theorem; or of working a difficult equation in algebra—poh! much more delightful is it to choose a cigar, and find yourself right—to examine the light and almost imperceptible down on the clear, bright, unspecked surface of a cigar—(yellow if you please, though I like the perfectly black—they are not so common, but I get them sometimes—a beautiful mild cigar, with a perfume sweeter than the gales of Araby.)

Then to introduce it between your lips—to find no difficulty in smoking, and to see the smoke rolling out and up, and hear the tobacco crackle a little as the fire devours it—Oh, it is glorious!—don't tell me of pleasure after this—there is not the least tincture of the pleasure of the appetite about it—it is purely intellectual. My friend tells me that he has never smoked an American cigar since he was a boy. I believe him. He comes down and sits with me every night an hour or so, and smokes and converses; and I assure you that I take it as quite a compliment. I generally keep half a dozen boxes of cigars of different kinds, but he is the only one who touches the black. I had an acquaintance who was familiar with the same box, but one unlucky evening he fell asleep with one in his mouth—he has never touched one since; however I might have expected it—he knows no more about poetry, and has no more taste, than an Esquimaux.

But, after all the abominations which I have mentioned, there is one left—smoking a pipe; just worthy of a Dutchman, who would sail across the Atlantic in a mammoth tub, and send his fog three days' sail before him. He is the only man that should smoke a pipe—the only animal, I mean; for I think that the less intellectual a man's pleasures and luxuries are, the nearer he is to a mere animal. Some men have an antipathy to a spider—some to a snake—I to a pipe; and I don't know that I have ever shuddered all over in my life, except once when I was advised to smoke a pipe. I wonder how any man, who has ever smoked a cigar, can say that he likes a pipe better. However, there are more things in the world than philosophy ever dreamed of; at least, more than she ought ever to dream of. Men, we know, become self-opinionated as they grow old; and I have observed that those who knew the least when young, become very wise at seventy-five. How is it? Man likes superiority; and if he asserts it when he is old, as arising from superior knowledge, who can contradict him. Here is the secret I think; for I question whether any man, by living four hundred years, ever would have obtained the knowledge of the human heart that Sir Walter Scott possesses, or that Bonaparte possessed. But how men can be so self-opinionated as to like a pipe, I cannot conceive—Can you, dear Reader?

Newburyport.

P.

MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS.

TO MY FRIEND.

THY years have flown as melody
 Of spring birds on the wing,
 With nought to mar their euphony,
 Or touch a saddened spring;
 Like hymned tones at eventide
 Hath sorrow passed thee by,
 Sadly, yet sweet—too brief to hide
 The gladness of thine eye.

The nectar of the garish bowl
 Of pleasure hath been thine,
 While griefs unwrit on sorrow's scroll,
 Like life-blood, tintured mine;
 And yet methinks I love thee more
 When darkening shadows fall,
 As the viny germ, when wild winds war,
 Leans to the sheltering wall.

I love thee, for thy friendship bland—
 Thine eye's unquiet glance,
 Bright as the flash of steel-clad band,
 When moving in the dance;
 I love thee, for the kind words spoken,
 From worldly crowds apart;
 I love thee, that the bond's unbroken
 That bound thee to my heart.

My face may wear a sunny smile,
 As mirthful as thine own;
 As the worm may gnaw the root the while
 The summer rose is blown.
 The shadow of an early blight
 Hath settled on my brow;
 A noon-sun turned to rayless night,
 Ere the shaken knee could bow.

The coldness and the emptiness
 Of the bitter world, hath thrown
 Back on itself the tenderness
 My heart would have it own;
 I throw me on thy trusted breast,
 As the sere leaf will cling
 To the thrifty bough—a short, brief rest,
 For the lone and withered thing.

I now would rest, the sod beneath,
 In some far, quiet nook,
 Where scented flowers softly breathe
 Their gifts to rill and brook—

Where lilies bend, like Brahmins bowed
At stilly vigil prayer,
And wild birds float on summer cloud,
Up in the amorous air.

But knitted cords are hard to break ;
Thy tones of joyous mirth
Oppose the will, and seem to make
A clinging love to earth.
I soon must pass, nor stone, nor shrine
Need lowly worth extend,
If *thou'lt* engrave this simple line,
"Here lies my dearest friend." c.

THE FINE ARTS—*Dunlap's Calvary.**

IN common with many of my fellow citizens in the western part of New York, I have lately, for the first time, had the satisfaction of viewing that splendid production of the pencil, Dunlap's painting of "Calvary, or the moment before the Crucifixion;" and I shall add with pleasure my mite to the tribute of admiration and applause which this effort of our distinguished artist has everywhere called forth. The people of the United States have been reproached with a deficiency of taste for the fine arts, such as painting and sculpture, and I fear the charge is partly correct. A certain degree of refinement is generally considered necessary to appreciate such efforts; and more leisure than the generality of our citizens possess is requisite for their study and examination. We have few men in our republic who can afford to pay ten or twelve thousand dollars for a picture, and the artist who is obliged to spend years in acquiring the principles of his art, and yet requires still more years to complete some monument of his genius upon which to rest the fame and distinction for which he strives, cannot afford to remain where he must starve amidst his toils. It was this state of things that compelled the first historical painter of the age, Mr. West, to leave this, his native country, for Europe, where he spent his days; but we hope, for the honor of our country, that Mr. Dunlap, also

* We give this article a place, as an impression of a picture upon the mind of an intelligent, though enthusiastic man,—not as the criticism of a connoisseur. Our correspondent is extravagant in his commendation; but as the "knowing ones" are the few and not the many, perhaps it represents general opinion as well as most articles. Ed.

a native American, will not be compelled, by the same cause, to follow his steps. I would not dare to be too sanguine on this point, especially while it remains a fact, unless I am much mistaken, that a white bear from Oonalaska, or a kangaroo from Australasia, would be a much more productive exhibition than such a painting as Calvary, with its multitude of sublime associations. Still I think there are some indications of a better state of things—an increasing relish for something, which, while it gratifies the national pride of distinction, is calculated to exert a healthful influence on the morals; and nothing, I think, can have a more direct tendency to create and perpetuate such a state of feeling, than the exhibitions of such paintings as “The Moment before the Crucifixion.” Pictorial representations of great and striking events will always have a decided superiority over mere verbal or written descriptions, however accurately or ably performed. In the former, we see the persons in the very situation, and under the influence of the passions that produce the effect; in the latter, we learn only the effect itself. An eminent artist of Italy once said, and time has confirmed the correctness of his remark, “that a company of well-informed individuals, acquainted with the history of the subject treated, but who made no pretensions to connoisseurship, were more competent judges of a painting than a company of amateurs, and for this reason—the former would judge simply by the effect produced on themselves, and that effect, whether pleasurable or painful, would be in exact proportion to the fidelity with which the artist had copied nature; the latter, on the contrary, would decide its merits, by comparing it with the productions of the different schools of painting, of which they were the partizans, and as it approximated to, or deviated from them, would be the measure of their applause or condemnation.”

With the “cant of criticism” I have not the slightest acquaintance, but I think that unquestionably the only correct standard of sculpture and painting is nature; and the only test of excellence, effect. Much has been written and said by artists and amateurs of sculpture and painting, on the subject of ideal beauty—that mysterious and unknown quality, of which almost every one imagines he has a distinct conception, but which few are able to embody and express. There are many who fancy that in the shadowy depths of the imagination, ideas of beauty, altogether superior to nature, and independent of its visible forms, exist—that in the boundless realms of fancy, the ideal forms which it is the aim of the

sculptor and painter to represent, and which are so far beyond what is to be seen in dull mortality, have a being unconnected with the recollections of the past and present, and the associations of the future. They point triumphantly to the Apollo Belvidere, or the Venus de Medici, as illustrating the truth of their position, and exultingly enquire for the mortal who combines such just proportions, or such transcendent beauty. If such cannot be found, and all must admit they cannot, then, it is said, the proof is complete, that the unknown sculptors of these matchless productions must have embodied, with their chisel, their glowing and sublime conceptions of beauty—a beauty which never existed except in their ideas. This I think to be a mistake. That the sculptor could not have found concentrated in a single individual, all the beauty which in the Venus “enchants the world,” or the noble and commanding features and expression which in the Apollo strike the beholder dumb, I readily grant; but that affords no evidence that a line of their beauty is wholly imaginary—that the beautiful lip, the swelling bosom, the swan-like neck, and bewitching modesty of the former, or the god-like brow, features which are alive with intellectuality, and form which seems starting into life, the perfect workmanship of the Creator, in the latter, never existed but in idea. It is the successful combination of separate beauties, which the Grecian artist could always command, which has enabled them to produce models which moderns may well despair of excelling. Wherever the beautiful was to be found the artist copied it; and the neck and arm of the enchantress Lais, and the matchless lip and foot of Aspasia, were alike made subservient to the wishes of the artist, whose creations could render their perfections immortal; and it was among the Pericles, the Themistocles, and the Aristides of the Areopagus, that the artist sought and found those forms, features and expressions which, combined by his skill, and perpetuated in Parian marble, have rendered the Apollo the admiration of the world—the *ne plus ultra* of excellence in sculpture. In these cases not a single feature, not a single limb, not a single expression exists independent of nature, or is superior to it, or can be considered in any sense as coming within the limits of imaginary or ideal beauty. The excellence of the artist lies in being able to copy the originals so closely, not in being superior to them. I go further—I think that it is impossible to have an idea of beauty that has not been seen by us, or described to us. I hear of a beautiful woman, and my thoughts instead of reverting to an ideal standard, instantly refer to

beauties with which I am already acquainted ; and the estimate of an eye, lip, hand or foot when seen, is by a comparison with others, and by such comparison is its relative ugliness or beauty decided. The mussulman judges of the loveliness and qualities of the Houris of his paradise, by the voluptuous beauty and yielding softness of the Georgian and Circassian girls in his harem, or which he has seen exposed for sale in the slave markets of Aleppo or Constantinople ; and the believers in a holier, nobler and purer faith, judge of the resplendent beauties, and unwritten and unutterable glories of the Christian heaven, in a similar manner ; I say it reverently—we can only decide on “the things which are not seen by the things which are seen.” In imagination we travel the streets of the New Jerusalem—we mingle with angels and with martyrs—we behold the glorious face of him whom no mortal hath yet seen and lived—we drink of the crystal streams that lave the walls of the city of God—we taste the leaves of the trees that are for the healing of the nations—we listen to music such as the harps and voices of seraphs make—we tread the flowery plains and trace the walks over which the dark tops of the cedars of paradise wave their boughs of unfading verdure—we mingle with those whose countenances speak of nothing but holiness, happiness and love, yet in all these instances the beauty and perfection is the beauty and perfection of earth ; the happiness and love are such as would be the combined expression of the same excellencies far below the stars.

So it is with the painter. His subject demands a countenance filled with the noble and commanding expressions, and among the commanding and god-like men of the earth—men whose minds raise them far above the ordinary herd ; he seeks and seizes those lineaments which, transferred to the canvass, produce the desired effect. Is it the beautiful he wishes ? he mingles with the lovely and the fair—he basks in the sunshine of bright eyes, and revels amidst roses, and dimples, and smiles, until, if I may use the expression, his ideas are saturated with beauty. From one he catches the rose-leaf lip, from another the curling tresses and alabaster neck, another furnishes the eyes floating in radiance unborrowed and unshadowed, and so with the high expressions of intellect, and each nameless grace and charm which united, form an enchanting whole, and for which, combined in a single individual, the whole universe of beauty might be in vain explored. Does he desire to melt with tenderness, pity and love ? his pencil is taught to trace features and expression not found in the cir-

cles of the thoughtless and the gay ; but he seeks the young and lovely, whose hearts have been touched with sorrow, whose eyes have been dimmed with tears, and who, with saddened feelings and noiseless step, glide about the scenes of former joys with buried hopes and broken hearts, and, if he is so happy as to catch the living expression, he cannot fail of producing the wished effect. In none of these cases supposed, is there anything ideal, however, the grouping excepted, and even that may be copied from life. The expressive nobleness, the grandeur, the beauty, the intellectual superiority, the tenderness and love are all real, or rather copied from reality. It is nature itself and nothing more ; nothing which any person who mingles with the world may not see ; but which only the masters heart can feel, and his hand combine and portray.

Nearly allied to the magic creations of the pencil, are the sublime and beautiful conceptions of poetry. The only difference appears to be, that poetry presents to the mind, what the artist's pencil unfolds to the eye. Poetry, strictly considered, is only an exhibition of the striking and the beautiful which exists throughout the universe. Every part of nature is full of poetry ; and he only deserves the name of poet who follows nature into her inmost recesses, and raises the veil with which she is wont to conceal her beauties from the heedless multitude. But my limits warn me to forbear entering upon this interesting and extensive topic, and I return to the subject with which I commenced—the painting of “Calvary.”

If in my estimation of the merits of this picture, or any of its parts, I differ from others, I can only say the sentiments are my own, and the feelings expressed are such as were forcibly experienced during the examination. I felt that I was disappointed at the first glance. In the first place unfavorably—the figure of our Saviour not appearing with that prominence which I expected to see ; and in the second place favorably—by a far greater finish, unity, harmony and combined expression than I had been prepared to meet. It is naturally to be supposed, that in such a painting as Calvary, the principal figure should be placed in such strong light and bold relief, as that the eye should be irresistibly drawn to it in the first instance ; this, after viewing the picture carefully from various positions, I am convinced is not the case with the painting of Calvary. Judging from my own experience, there are several points which arrest the attention, at the first glance I mean, as much as our Saviour. I would name the

High Priest, the Centurion, the Pharisee, and Joseph of Arimathea, and some of the female groups. The absorbing interest, however, which the death and sufferings of the Redeemer creates, and the tremendous consequences which that event exercises on the immortal destinies of our race, soon rivet the attention to the point on which it ought to have been fixed at first. The position of our Saviour, standing as he is in relief against the darkening sky, and in front of the line of guards that fills the back ground of the picture, is commanding, and his appearance dignified and impressive in the extreme. His hands and his eyes are lifted to heaven, and in full view of the cross on which he is to suffer; his prayer is—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The seamless vesture is of pale blue, and on it the hands of the soldiers who divided it by lot are already laid. This defect with regard to the principal point of attraction would, I think, be in a great measure remedied, by casting a stronger light on the upper part of the picture, and gently shading the lower, which, being nearer the spectator, and more brilliantly colored, first seizes the eye.

The attitude and expression of the High Priest, who, surrounded with Chief Priests, forms a prominent object in the painting, are a striking proof of the skill and capability of the artist. He stands on the slope of the Mount, his arm lifted, and his fore-finger pointing to Jesus, while the scornful pride of the Jewish High Priest is visible in his curled lip, and the fiendish exultation that prompted the sneering exclamation—"He saved others, himself he cannot save!" is written on every feature. A person who had never read the history of the Crucifixion could not mistake the nature of the feelings that filled his bosom, and prompted every action. This embodying of the passions, and giving to the emotions that urge us onward "a local habitation and a name," is one of the greatest triumphs of the art; and in this Mr. Dunlap has, throughout this picture, most admirably succeeded. The Centurion furnishes another instance in which the artist has exerted this power; his clasped hands—his earnest, and even pitying expression of countenance, sufficiently denote the man who said—"Surely this was the Son of God!"

But in delineating the feelings of that dreadful moment, I think that Mr. Dunlap has been most successful in the admirable group of the three Marys, and the beloved disciple John. Penitence, grief, holy confidence, even in that trying moment, and love have never been better portrayed than in the position and countenance of Mary of Magdala. If tears

could have been shed in heaven, the angels who gazed on the mysterious transaction at that moment would not have looked otherwise. Mild and heavenly, yet sorrowing and afflicted, she is eminently calculated to arrest the attention, and excite the sympathy of the spectator. In the wife of Pontius Pilate, the fixed earnestness of her figure, and the air of astonishment and displeasure with which she regards the exultation of the High Priest and the surrounding group of Pharisees, is admirable. Her finely turned neck is exquisite, and her robe is a splendid specimen of coloring and costume, adapted to the distinction and rank of the wearer. With Joanna, the wife of Herod's steward, I was not so well pleased. The face is a fine one, and the figure faultless, but the features are too placid, too destitute of emotion. Can it be that a woman, a follower of the Saviour, could see the cross erecting on which her Lord was to suffer—could witness almost at her feet a wretched impenitent malefactor nailed to another cross, and yet preserve such a feeling of indifference as is depicted on her features? In any other place I should have admired her; but in such a throng, and at such a moment, there could have been no neutrals—none whose feelings were not of the most overwhelming and absorbing kind. Far different is it with the largest of the two girls that accompany her, and are embodied in the same group. *She* is all that could be wished—beautiful and pure as an angel, yet the sorrow, pity and sympathy of her countenance shows that she is human. With the graceful and unaffected modesty of a timid girl of sixteen, unexpectedly exposed to the crowd, and the gaze of the soldiery—apparently unconscious of what she is doing—her white hand is pressing the folds of her loose robe over her young bosom, while her attention remains fixed on the sad spectacle before her.

There are several other parts of this picture perhaps equally deserving of notice, but which the limits of this paper will not permit me to include;—such as Nicodemus who, with an air of profound grief, is turning away from the train of the High Priest—Lazarus, and his sisters Mary and Martha—Joseph of Arimathea and the Pharisee—Peter, and at a little distance from him the murderer Barabbas, whose expression has so much of the hardened villain thrown into it, that it is absolutely shocking—and Susannah, a female to whom our Lord had shown mercy, and who, kneeling in beautiful white drapery, forms a prominent object in the fore-ground of the picture. That this magnificent painting is faultless, Mr. Dunlap himself would be the last to pretend. I have already indi-

cated one or two instances, which I consider as faults, and some other trifling ones might be noted in the drawing and coloring; but the subject is so sublime—the conception is so correct—the figures, expression and coloring are in general so true to nature, and the various subjects so harmoniously blended, that the slips of the artist and pencil are forgotten in a profound feeling of admiration for the talent that conceived, and respect for the artist that embodied the high and glowing conceptions which are here presented to us, and which are so well calculated to purify, exalt and ennoble our natures.

Of Mr. Dunlap himself I have learned nothing, except that he studied with Mr. West for a time, then renounced painting for literature, in which he obtained a favorable notice; and within a few years has returned to this country, determined to devote himself to a profession, in which the picture I have now noticed furnishes a most gratifying proof that he is destined to attain the highest eminence, and the most honorable and enduring fame.

Onondaga, N. Y.

W. G.

LOVE.

THERE came a train, on a pleasant eve,
 Of clouds beneath the moon—
 Like the mists that the fairies at night-fall weave,
 And go with a pealing tune,
 And spread about on the springing grass,
 Where they all starry nights do pass,
 And sleep at the hottest noon.
 Yea, golden clouds were waving about,
 Beneath the many-eyed sky;
 And heads with glittering eyes were thrust out,
 And golden locks that waved wildly about,
 And shaded each burning eye—
 And a sunny form bent down from the air,
 With eyes that looked into the soul,
 And drapery floating about him as rare
 As the scents that the south wind roll.
 And he spake, while the heavens were mute and still,
 In a voice as soft as a gliding rill,
 Through a bed of summer flowers,
 That goes along with quiet thrill,
 Like a lake in summer showers.

'I am felt all over the smiling earth,
 As I step with joy and glee,
 And all hearts swell with a flush of mirth,
 Where tidings come of me.
 My steps are over the mountain heights,
 Stirring the joyous trees—
 And deep in the glen, in the lowly flight
 Of the pleasant summer breeze—
 I shake my locks o'er the eagle's nest,
 Far up on the sun-lit mountain—
 And over the quiet and sleeping breast
 Of the star enlightened fountain—
 I send my gaze to the deepest nooks,
 Of ancient forest haunts,
 And the wren joys at me with pleasant looks,
 And the weary doe, that pants
 With her flight through the woods, lights up her eye,
 With a stronger fire as my power comes by.

My music is many a song that swells,
 In a summer eve, o'er the star-lighted dells,
 And over the lakes and the sleeping woods,
 Where night, like a dove, on the great trees broods—
 And over the mountains, and up to the sky,
 Like a heaven-nourished melody.
 'Tis the low sweet tone that you often hear,
 If you watch for it with a lover's ear—
 'Tis every sound that is light and sweet,
 That comes on the air with its silver feet,
 And touches the chords of the thrilling heart
 With fingers invisible. I have part
 In all that is beautiful, tender or sweet—
 In all that the senses and soul doth greet,
 With a thrill of pleasure, I sit on the clouds,
 And gaze on the earth, with a piercing eye,
 On the sunny flowers, and among the crowds
 Of the rustling leaves as I pass them by,
 And there is my throne—all joy is mine
 That around the heart doth ever twine,
 And sit in its depths—my name is writ
 On the glowing stars, that smile as they sit
 Forever up in the sky—
 It is written upon the bright beams of the sun—
 On the streams that sparkle and leap as they run—
 On the wings of the south wind, all incense laden—
 In the eyes of the blushing and timorous maiden—
 On all things around us, below and above,
 You may read in bright letters the name of LOVE.'

A. P.

THE LOST SHIP.

'Twas a fearful night—the heavens were bowed,
 And the red flash came from the low'ring cloud,
 And the thunder pealed as the lightning sped,
 And the quaking earth seemed shaken with dread,
 And the angry waves came loudly and free,
 With a hollow moan, from the troubled sea.

A ship was out on the sea that night,
 Dashing about like a thing affright;
 But the hardy men who strode her deck
 Were stout of heart, and little did reck
 The thunder bolt, or the lightning flash,
 The howling wind, or the wave's wild dash.
 But trembling was one on board that ship,
 And prayers went forth from her whited lip—
 Kneeling below was a female form,
 Praying for peace to the midnight storm.

The maiden's prayer is said—but hark!
 A thunder bolt has reached the bark—
 The stout of heart grow faint, and cries
 Of fear from off the decks arise.
 The trembling one has brushed a tear,
 And where is now that maiden's fear?
 Strong in her faith of God's own might
 Mounts she the deck; a blaze of light
 Falls glaring on the maiden's sight!
 The masts were gone, and all the frame
 Of that proud ship was in a flame;
 And there she lay—a thing of fire—
 A dreary—flaming—floating pyre!

"The boats!—the boats!" the Captain cried—
 They lowered them by the heated side;
 And soon upon the running sea
 The little things tossed fearfully.

The burning yards and masts shot out
 A flame to light their watery route;
 And sadly did that lured light
 Gleam on the darkness of the night.
 They thought they'd left a fiery grave
 To find one 'neath the dreaded wave.

* * * * *

But God watched o'er that fated band,
 And brought them all, save one, to land;
 That fearless maiden bowed in death,
 And found a grave the wave beneath.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GENUS *irritabile vatum*!" It has passed into a proverb. Poets are thin-skinned. There lie upon our table some dozen peppery epistles, of different degrees of violence, from offended gentlemen of this craft. Some of them, it is true, are courteously worded—full of "by'r leave," and "would not presume," and "regret extremely," and such like orderly phrases. These we slip under the red tape for a kind answer, and a friendly page of criticisms and wherefores. Others again are pestilently satirical and reflectious—stabbing us through and through with "erudite Sir," and "was not aware," and "if you will condescend so far," &c. These we toss over the table to a certain tri-cornered receptacle appropriated as a lounging place, jointly and amicably, by Ugolino and L. E. L. Their rough edges are soon smoothed over. Then again we have your crisp letter-writer—a fellow who indites his three peremptory sentences with his under lip rampant, and his sleeves rolled up. We save him for the amusement of the club. He reads well as a specimen of Bombastes Furioso. It never enters the head of your Master Shallow that his article can, by any possibility, be superfluous, or a periodical, by ever so slight a chance, be overflowed. He has not an inkling of an idea that older, perchance better, writers may have sent in their contributions before him. Such vulgar proverbs as—"Age before merit," "First come first served," (we beg pardon, but one does contract *such* phrases in this miscellaneous world,) seem never to have shocked his polite ear. He counts the pages of our beloved Monthly—seventy-two—and of his own article—twenty—and it is as clear as a Q. E. D. to him that the Editor intended to insult him—it was so easy to have rejected the three or four small papers that take up the room! He turns forthwith into an epigrammatist, attacks us "tooth and nail," (another vile phrase that sticks to us,) surmises we are no great things, and contributes bitter paragraphs henceforth to some more grateful hebdomadal. We have our eye on a spider of this sort, who puts his small cobweb about us as punctual as the month—some Mr. Smith, or Clark, or some such peculiar name—an unfortunate imitator of some atrocious verses we perpetrated (Lord assoil us therefore!) in our boyhood. We reckon up a score of these scratched fellows—all men in buckram, and dexterous at blackball.

Quite seriously, however, we have long wished an opportunity of appealing to the judgment and kindness of our friends to whom we stand so much indebted, (for, sooth to say, the nervousness of which we speak is not confined to bad writers,) and of explaining a few of the causes of delay and omission. We will not enlarge upon them. They arise sometimes from the irregularity of contributions, (often twenty in one month, and then none of any value for the next two,) or sometimes the subject has been discussed in another journal, or the piece is too long, or, oftener, the theme, though well managed, is unpopular, and would offend. There are other reasons, with which it is not worth while to trouble the general reader—but we claim hereafter, on all occasions of offence, at least the privilege of explanation, and much indulgence always. It is a most delicate and trying office that we hold—one that not only draws most heavily on our strength and resources, but demands a degree of tact and patience not often possessed. We must fail of course, sometimes, even in health; and there are times also, we beg to remind the Reader, when the mind, as well as the body, is ill at ease, and unstrung; and it is not only generous, but just, to lay an occasional discord or deficiency at the door of that imperfectness from which none of us are altogether free.

THE question—"How do you like Paul Clifford?" is so variously answered, that one is compelled, "will-he nill-he," to hazard an opinion of his own. We ask no permission therefore of Mr. Smith, or any other representative of the whole human race, to sit down this warm morning (80 of Fahrenheit) and speak our mind of Mr. Bulwer—whom, (between ourselves,) we are disposed to like, hearing that he is a short gentleman, dependant on his wits for his bread and butter—our own special predicament.

Imagine yourself, dainty Reader, *vis-a-vis* to us, at this our Table. Place around you, to your own taste, (for we have a nervous habit of changing them constantly as we talk,) the Chinese Cupid, who carries our ink in his quiver—the velvet butterfly, on which we wipe our pen, (sent us incog. by some satirical rogue,) the vase of Hungary water, in which (that instrument being near a sensitive organ of ours) we ever and anon steep the feather of our quill—the lovely miniature (no smiling Sir, if you please, she is dead—married, I would say) of the brightest creature under heaven, taken by ourself in pencil during church, (Lord forgive us our sins!)—and the ivory folder, on the handle of which you see the head of "Fighting Attie," the Duke of Wellington, presented to us by

the pleasantest *cwt.* (his weight exactly) that ever looked like two through a vista of black bottles. On your right you see a silver *bon bon nière*, with which you are at liberty to make free—on your left, a ripe, redolent edition, two centuries old, of the "*Religio Medici*," our present oracle—and in the midst, between that long-necked Rudesheimer and this slender Curacoa, Miss Sedgwick's charming book and Paul Clifford, the two matters whereon we propose—the gods willing—presently to discourse. We have been particular to make you at home for two sufficient reasons. We do not care to enter into a regular review of these books, which we should otherwise be partly compelled to do—preferring infinitely a rambling, *ad libitum* sketchiness in such matters, and, feeling indebted to you, not only for "creature comforts," but for the maintenance of a feverish pride in the existence of this our cherished Maga, we desire earnestly a more familiar acquaintance. Pray consider yourself at home!

Mr. Bulwer's Dedicatory Epistle is as good as anything in the book. It is a frank, sensible, natural avowal of his reasons and opinions, and sends you on to the first chapter with a pleasant prepossession in his favor. After a sprightly page or two of raillery in defence of his project, he makes a just remark upon the color of the literature about us:—

"In books, as in other manufactures, the great aim seems the abridgment of labor; the idlest work is the most charming. People will only expend their time for immediate returns of knowledge; and the wholesome and fair profit, slow, but permanent, they call tedious in letters, and speculative in politics. This eager, yet slothful habit of mind, now so general, has brought into notice an emigrant and motley class of literature, formerly, in this country, little known and less honored. We throw aside our profound researches, and feast upon popular abridgments; we forsake the old march through elaborate histories, for "a dip" into entertaining memoirs. In this, our immediate bias in literature, if any class of writing has benefited more than another in popularity and estimation, it is the novel. Readers now look into fiction for facts; as Voltaire, in his witty philosophy, looked among facts for fiction. I do not say that the novel has, in increased merit, deserved its increased reputation; on the contrary, I think, that though our style may be less prolix than it was in the last century, our thoughts are more languid, and our invention less racy."

We choose to dwell on this preface. It is worth a separate criticism. His notes on his contemporaries are admirable, and excepting that he goes out of his way to abuse Mr. Moore, they embody our own literary creed to a shade. There is much of that obsolete essence, *modesty*, in his remarks. It is not the less sincere that it will be disputed, where he says, "I feel that I have just sufficient reading, or observation, or talent

of any sort, to make it possible that I may stumble in a light fiction upon some amusing, perhaps even some useful truths; while neither the reading, nor the observation, nor the reflection, nor the talents, are, in all probability, sufficient to entitle me to a momentary notice in any graver and more presuming composition." He says again, with a frank self-commendation which is to our own eye no less modest, that he has outlived the desire to be didascular, and has studied more than in his two last works to write a tolerably entertaining novel. He certainly has succeeded. We have not read a more entertaining book for a long time, and never a better satire. The objection made to the scenes of low life in which he has masked his characters could be equally applied to a score of the standard novels of the language, and we are really refreshed to get once more off the track of Almack's, and the descriptions of crowded staircases and flirtations in full dress. *Dummie Dunnaker*, to our mind, is a fair exchange for any copy of *Brummel*, and *Mistress Lobkins* (in a book) shall please us better than my *Lady Haut-ton*, or the *Marchioness* of any letter in the alphabet with a dash after it. And so we will take another paragraph and particularize.

The first fifty pages of Paul's history are neither especially edifying nor over-entertaining. The author commenced evidently with a determination to write a novel if it pleased Heaven, but at any rate to caricature and revenge himself upon "Mr. McGrawler the Editor of the *Asinæum*."* Like all people in a passion, (a certain Editor for instance) he has overshot. The thing is strained. The moment an assailant in such cases loses his self-possession—his quiet smile—he loses the sympathy of the reader. Throw away your bilbo for a broad axe and you may gash your opponent awkwardly, but you may as well hack your spurs off on the spot. No true knight will take up your glove after it. There is an evident ill-nature, an irritated temper in the portrait of the Scotch critic, that destroys the quietness necessary to severity. We say this against all our prepossessions. The modern lowland Scotch, we do think, as a nation, possess the most detestable traits of human nature. They are a parsimonious, selfish, cringing people—the very drudges and underlings of Europe. Their sagacity and morality are little redemption. The chivalric character of the ancient Highlander serves only as a

* You will recollect, dear Reader, that in a former number we extracted a capital satire on Mr. Bulwer, from the "*Athenæum*," in a pretended examination before the Committee for the Settlement of Swan River.

contrast. We defy Sir Walter himself, wizard as he is well called, to make out of a modern Sawney in his salt and pepper economy, anything but a hard-featured, ungainly penny-saver, with but two ideas in his mind, per-centage and the catechism. There are glorious exceptions of course—Lockhart, and Hogg, and Allan Cunningham, and McAulay and a thousand others, bright spirits and choice—but it is true nevertheless. A blush comes over our face, however, when we remember how like to them are the minor traits of Yankee character—though we must and do believe that the most adroit wooden-nutmeg-vender that ever mounted his load of “notions,” is (on Sundays and holidays at least) a hero in comparison. “We know this is unpopular,” as Byron says of his unmentionable poem. We know that the skinflint and ungenerous maxims of Dr. Franklin have given that sagacious but heartless old ‘slate and pencil’ an apotheosis in the hearts of that great majority of our nation, the threadbare and “respectable,” but we sit in a corner and hold our opinion nevertheless, that one half at least of the adages first written in ‘Poor Richard,’ and chiselled on the stony hearts of Scotchmen as deeply as their very natural belief of human depravity, are maxims which disgrace our nature—vile and selfish in principle, not to say unchristian and wicked. And so having thrown a stone that has long burned our fingers, we return to Mr. McGrawler. It is only when the author forgets this critic that he resumes his dignity and the book its interest. And we must express a little wonder here, that a man of Mr. Bulwer’s genius and consequent liberality of feeling should be so seriously angry at being handsomely run through—for we certainly never saw a more beautiful thrust than that given him in the Athenæum. We can conceive of a temporary anger at being tripped up and pelted with offensive missiles by a lubberly fellow who does not know what is due to a gentleman, but to our mind there is, in being well hit—stabbed elegantly with a clean weapon—a redeeming satisfaction quite an offset to the loss of blood and credit.

Mr. Bulwer seems to think Scotchmen and critics are the same thing, using the two words alternately; and we believe it is true that every periodical of consequence in great Britain is edited by one of that nation. They are the right material for it. (Probably the same philosophy will account for the fact that all American Editors, Southern and Western, who have ever played anything of a quill, have been Yankees.) Amid all our tedium, however, at the labor bestowed on this abuse, we cannot help acknowledging that occasionally they

are well hit. As a single instance, long after he seems to have become weary of thrusting at them, Augustus Tomlinson in his account of his predatory experiences, says of Edinburgh, "Instead of doing anything *there*, we were done! The veriest urchin that ever crept through the High Street is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishmen. *With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature.* They pick your pockets without using their fingers for it; *and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick!*" There are other redeeming touches scattered through the waste of the first eight or nine chapters, and in general, Mrs. Lobkins is very entertaining whenever she is suffered to speak for herself. Her advice to Paul is not a bad specimen of worldly wisdom:—

" "Oh, my child! be not too venturesome in taking up the sticks for a blowen. It has been the ruin of many a man afore you, and when two men goes to quarrel for a 'oman, they doesn't know the natur of the thing they quarrels about—mind thy latter end, Paul, and reverence the old, without axing what they has been before they passed into the wale of years—thou mayst get me my pipe, Paul,—it is up stairs under the pillow."

" "Dost think, Paul, they'd have the heart to hang thee?"

" "I think they'd have the rope, dame!" returned the youth.

" "But you need not go for to run your neck into the noose!" said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions:—

" "Mind thy kittychism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why? the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your sitivation in life. Go not with fine tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. *Tape* often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your Bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinivation, nor bluster. They as swindles does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheats toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat; and now go play."

"Paul seized his hat, but lingered; and the dame, guessing at the signification of the pause, drew forth, and placed in the boy's hand the sum of five halfpence and one farthing. 'There boy,' quoth she, and she stroked his head fondly when she spoke; 'you does right not to play for nothing—it's loss of time! but play with those as be less than yourself, and then you can go for to beat 'em, if they says you go for to cheat!'"

To do justice to all the different portions of this book, we have said before, is not in our plan. We are talking with you, partly to please ourself, and we therefore say nothing of

the episode of Augustus Tomlinson's Life, which the author says is the best part of the book, (we don't think so,) nor shall we trouble ourself about the country brother of William Brandon, much as we respect the character given him as "an excellent vegetable." Sundry other chapters, pleasant and witty, we shall leave to your own discovery—recommending among them, particularly, however, the history of Mr. Brandon, one of the most admirable and powerful sketches we ever saw, and the carouse at Gentleman George's, which, we agree with the author, is admirable. The portrait of Lucy Brandon is beautiful, and, as a picture, bears looking at twice. We will extract it :—

"Her hair, of a bright and fair auburn, hung in profuse ringlets about her neck, shedding a softer shade upon a complexion in which the roses seemed just budding, as it were, into blush. Her eyes, large, blue, and rather languishing than brilliant, were curtained by the darkest lashes; her mouth seemed literally girt with smiles, so numberless were the dimples that, every time the full, ripe, dewy lips were parted, rose into sight, and the enchantment of the dimples was aided by two rows of teeth, more dazzling than the richest pearls that ever glittered on a bride. But the chief charm of the face was its exceeding and touching air of innocence, and girlish softness; you might have gazed forever upon that first unspeakable bloom, that all untouched and stainless down, which seemed as if a very breath could mar it. Perhaps the face might have wanted animation; but, perhaps, also, it borrowed from that want an attraction; the repose of the features was so soft and gentle, that the eye wandered there with the same delight, and left it with the same reluctance which it experiences in dwelling on, or in quitting those hues which are found to harmonize the most with its vision."

"Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the color varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old Parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Everything joyous affected her, and at once—air—flowers—sunshine—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapors. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love.

"Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her

before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that 'one felt warm when one looked on her.' If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet might express the purity and lustre of her countenance:—

‘Her face was like the milky way i’ the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.’

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the peasant, and from Bob the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft yet lively, buoyant yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence, that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties. Such was Lucy Brandon in the year —, and in that year, on a beautiful autumnal evening, we first introduce her personally to our readers.”

We must give one example of an entirely new and most amusing conceit of Mr. Bulwer's—the parenthetical conversation of Lucy's father. It is contrived with great ingenuity throughout:—

“‘I say, Lucy,’ observed Mr. Brandon, but without lifting his eyes from the paper; ‘I say, corn has fallen—think of that, girl, think of that. These times, in my opinion, (ay, and in the opinion of wiser heads than mine, though I do not mean to say that I have not some experience in these matters, which is more than can be said of *all our neighbors*,) are *very curious, and even dangerous*.’

“‘Indeed, Papa!’ answered Lucy.

“‘And I say, Lucy, dear,’ resumed the Squire, after a short pause, ‘there has been (and very strange it is, too, when one considers the crowded neighborhood—bless me! what times these are!) a shocking murder *committed upon (the tobacco-stopper—there it is)*—think, you know, girl—just by Epping!—an old gentleman!’

“‘Dear, how shocking!—by whom?’

“‘Ay, that's the question! The Coroner's inquest has (what a blessing it is to live in a civilized country, where a man does not die without knowing the why and the wherefore) sat on the body, and declared (it is very strange, but they don't seem to have made much discovery; for why? we knew as much before) that the body was found (it was found on the floor, Lucy) murdered; *murderer or murderers (in the bureau, which was broken open, they found the money left quite untouched)*—unknown!’

“‘Here there was again a slight pause, and passing to another side of the paper, Mr. Brandon resumed in a quicker tone—

“‘Ha! well, now this is odd! but he's a deuced clever fellow, Lucy! that brother of mine has, and in a very honorable manner too, (which I am sure is highly creditable to the family, though he has not taken too

much notice of me lately—a circumstance which, considering I am his elder brother, I am a little angry at)—distinguished himself in a speech, remarkable, the paper says—for its great legal—(I wonder, by-the-by, whether William could get me that agistment-money! 'tis a heavy thing to lose; but going to law, as my poor father used to say, is like fishing for gudgeons [not a bad little fish, *we can have some for supper*] with guineas)—knowledge, as well as its splendid and overpowering—(I do love Will for keeping up the family honor; I am sure it is more than I have done—heigh-ho!)—eloquence!’”

The brilliant chapters of the book are those in which our gentlemen thieves get together over their wine. Pleasanter fellows never put their legs under the mahogany. And Augustus Tomlinson—grant us to see his prototype, ye gods! Sheridan and Foote were dummies to him. His beautiful satire, his racy nonsense, his ready wit, and above all, his mock philosophy—truer than all the dismal verities of the schools—it is enough to make one cut the world and eat his supper in solitude, to think of him! There is certainly particular favor shown in the dispensation of wit to these “gentlemen foresters”—these “minions of the moon.” Shakspeare’s thieves were of this water. There must be something in their mode of letting the world slide—in their “beautiful reliance on Providence, taking no more thought than lilies” as Elia says of the borrower—something in their fee simple of woodland and moonlight and other people’s wealth, that fosters the facetious germ. We should like to live a chapter of that life—in the “road” line, we mean. How the description of Lord Mauleverer’s robbery thrills one—bounding away on those glorious horses beneath the bright stars, and shouting merrily as they leaped the hedges at the cool philosophisms of Augustus Tomlinson, and the diverting coxcombry of the “gentleman with the fine head of hair.” “Blow me,” as Dummie Dunnaker would say, “if a cove’s heart doesn’t leap to it.” And then the adventure at Bath! The cool, deliberate mingling with society, and, in the very midst of people whom they had robbed, alluding by exquisite *doubles entendres* to their profession—brave rascals! We cannot resist quoting a passage from the philosophy of our friend Augustus—in whose conversation, by the way, throughout the book, there is a vein of satirical truth and humor we never saw surpassed. Clifford and he one morning strolled out together:—

“‘Let us,’ said the latter, who was in a melancholy mood, ‘leave the busy streets, and indulge in a philosophical conversation on the nature of man, while we are enjoying a little fresh air in the country.’ Clifford assented to the proposal, and the pair slowly sauntered up one of the hills that surround the city of Bladud.

" 'There are certain moments,' said Tomlinson, looking pensively down at his kerseymere gaiters, 'when we are like the fox in the nursery rhyme, 'The fox had a wound he could not tell where'—we feel extremely unhappy and we cannot tell *why*! a dark and sad melancholy grows over us—we shun the face of man—we wrap ourselves in our thoughts like silkworms—we mutter fag-ends of dismal songs—tears come in our eyes—we recall all the misfortunes that have ever happened to us—we stoop in our gait, and bury our hands in our breeches pockets—we say 'what is life?—a stone to be shied into a horse-pond!' We pine for some congenial heart—and have an itching desire to talk prodigiously about ourselves: all *other* subjects seem weary, stale and unprofitable—we feel as if a fly could knock us down, and are in a humor to fall in love and make a very sad piece of business of it. Yet with all this weakness we have, at these moments, a finer opinion of ourselves than we ever had before. We call our megrims the melancholy of a sublime soul—the yearnings of an indigestion we denominate yearnings after immortality—nay, sometimes 'a proof of the nature of the soul!' May I find some biographer who understands such sensations well, and may he style those melting emotions the offspring of the poetical character, which, in reality, are the offspring of—a mutton chop!'

" Meanwhile, Augustus Tomlinson, on finding himself surrounded by persons eager to gaze and to listen, broke from his moodiness and reserve. Looking full at his next neighbor, and flourishing his right hand in the air, till he suffered it to rest in the direction of the houses and chimneys below, he repeated that moral exclamation, which had been wasted on Clifford, with a more solemn and a less passionate gravity than before.

" 'What a subject, Ma'am, for contemplation!'

" 'Very sensibly said, indeed, Sir,' said the lady addressed, who was rather of a serious turn.

" 'I never,' resumed Augustus, in a louder key, and looking round for auditors—'I never see a great town from the top of a hill, without thinking of an apothecary's shop!'

" 'Lord, Sir!' said the lady. Tomlinson's end was gained;—struck with the quaintness of the notion, a little crowd gathered instantly around him to hear it farther developed.

" 'Of an apothecary's shop, Ma'am!' repeated Tomlinson; 'there lie your simples, and your purges, and your cordials, and your poisons; all things to heal, and to strengthen, and to destroy. There are drugs enough in that collection to save you, to cure you all; but none of you know how to use them, nor what medicines to ask for, nor what portions to take; so that the greater part of you swallow a wrong dose, and die of the remedy!'

" 'But if the town be the apothecary's shop, what, in the plan of your idea, stands for the apothecary?' asked an old gentleman, who perceived at what Tomlinson was driving.

" 'The apothecary, Sir,' answered Augustus, stealing his notion from Clifford, and sinking his voice, lest the true proprietor should overhear him—Clifford was otherwise employed—'The apothecary, Sir, is the LAW! It is the law that stands behind the counter, and dispenses to each man the dose he should take. To the poor, it gives bad drugs gratuitously; to the rich, pills to stimulate the appetite: to the latter, premiums for luxury; to the former, only speedy refuges from life! Alas! either your apothecary is but an ignorant quack, or his science itself is but in its cradle. He blunders as much as you would do if left to your own selection. Those who have recourse to him, seldom speak grate-

fully of his skill. He relieves you, it is true—but of your money, not your malady; and the only branch of his profession in which he is an adept, is that which enables him to *bleed* you!—Oh, mankind! you are like a nosegay bought at Covent Garden. The flowers are lovely, the scent delicious;—mark that glorious hue; contemplate that bursting petal;—how beautiful, how redolent of health—of nature—of the dew, and breath, and blessing of Heaven, are ye all! But as for the dirty piece of string that ties you together, one would think you had picked it out of the kennel!’

“So saying, Tomlinson turned on his heel, broke away from the crowd, and solemnly descended the hill.”

We hate to dissect a fine contrivance in writing, but we have not the magnanimity to pass over Mr. Bulwer's ingenuity in riding his old hobby under a new saddle. The critics pricked him in many places, but in none so sorely and often as in his *philosophy*. *That* was his sin. And, truly, as it came from the mouths of the grave and sentimental, it was, here and there, something the color of a bore. But in the mouth of a rogue—(admirable contriver!) from the lips of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, as pleasant a villain as ever jumped from a greenwood tree with a pinch of snuff in his fingers—from him, is not philosophy delicious? It is like a dry truism from a child—or a naughty word from a pretty woman. The unexpectedness of it delights you. And so Mr. Bulwer has gilded his pill, and it has gone well down—we scorn to deny it!

Here we are, still in the first volume, though the Rudesheimer has but an inch of opacity, and the olives (help yourself to the last one, dear Reader—that large green beauty—nay—you are quite welcome) are departed. In the first volume—and still there is a beauty unmentioned which it were little honor to ourself and as much grace to the author to pass by—the exquisite truth and beauty of his *love passages*! He is always, in these, most felicitous. We have no room (fie! on this narrow world!) to extract a fair specimen, but listen to this piece of a love-letter of Brandon's:—

“‘Laughter!—Oh, Julia! *can* you tell me that you love, and yet be happy, even to mirth, when I am away! Love!—Oh, God, how different a sensation is mine!—Mine makes my whole principle of life! yours!—I tell you, that I think, at moments, I would rather have your hate, than the lukewarm sentiment you bear to me, and honor by the name of ‘affection.’ Pretty phrase!—I have *no affection* for you! Give me not that sickly word; but try with me, Julia, to invent some expression that has never filtered a paltry meaning through the lips of another! Affection!—why, that is a sister's word—a girl's word to her pet squirrel!—never was it made for that ruby and most ripe mouth! Shall I come to your house this evening?—your mother has asked me, and you—you heard her, and said nothing. Oh! but that was maiden reserve—was it?—*and maiden reserve caused you to take up a book the moment I left you, as if my com-*

pany made but an ordinary amusement, instantly to be replaced by another ! When I have seen you, society, books, food, all are hateful to me ; but you, sweet Julia, you can read, can you ? Why, when I left you, I lingered by the parlor window for hours, till dusk, and you never once lifted your eyes, nor saw me pass and repass. At least, I thought you would have watched my steps, when I left the house ; but I err, charming moralist ; according to you, that vigilance would have been meanness.' "

And what a deep, infernal tragedy was this very love ! Human Nature ! thou arrant hypocrite !——we will spare you the apostrophe !

And now with your leave, dear Reader, (we admire the serene patience with which you sit in that antique leather-bottom and listen,) with your leave, we were saying, we will lay the second volume aside for another symposium. It will not, like the olive whose last oleaginous cheek has just yielded to your ivory, spoil with keeping. We will dip deep into another of these graceful-necked Germans over a gossip on Mr. Bulwer. And so "to the other change !" We will speak (reverently and with all courtesy, dear Reader, for she is a "ladye gentle and true") of a scarcely less witching and potent spirit—though her wand be of another metal.

MISS SEDGWICK's book has produced a general surprise. Her novels, hitherto, though perfectly different in plot and characters, have been at the same level of beautiful and graphic, but not very exciting description. The great traits in them are singular unaffectedness, and truth to nature in its household forms. No pictures have ever been drawn of the people and manners of this country which compare with those of her novels for fidelity and fulness. It was a pleasant and somewhat soothing occupation to sit down to a chapter of Redwood or Hope Leslie. Even where the tale ran upon Indian violence, the lofty reliance and constancy of the pilgrim families threw a shadow of confidence and stillness over the reader's mind. The work before us is quite of another character. Without abandoning the field, in the selection of which she has done credit both to her judgment and patriotism, the authoress has brought into her plot characters common enough in our country, but which, till now, have been drawn in their deepest colors, only in the scenes of the old world. The story is contrived with a dramatic power which, knowing as we do, the quiet history and pursuits of the authoress, somewhat astonishes us. Where should she have dreamed of a character like Pedrillo—an uncopied, powerful, yet most natural villain—as admirably and originally drawn as if, like the Italian bandit, he had sat for the picture to his

captive? The *denouement* of Pedrillo's history is a specimen of the finest dramatic invention. Much as you are startled at the discovery of his origin, you cannot but remember instances enough within your own circle, of unaccountable and seemingly unnatural wickedness, to sustain its probability. His whole history shows a depth of the study of the human heart, and a maturity of contrivance in the plot which are not at all common in a modern novel. The portrait of Layton is another most forcible sketch, though of a class more within the writer's observation. It is characterized by the same freshness and truth to the principles of human nature. We will not go through with all the characters of the story, but we have never seen a woof of more various threads. The dark villany of Pedrillo contrasted with the shrinking sensitiveness and exquisite mind of Louis Seton—and both so true! Mrs. Layton's heartless sensibility, and Gertrude's strong, but perfectly feminine qualities—and both so familiar to our commonest experience! The admirable traits, yet at the same time so different, of Roscoe and D. Flint! These are the characters in the book which are best drawn and most original, though Major Daisy and Harriet Upton and Mrs. Roscoe are delightful in their places.

The first scenes of the story are beautifully told, and though the persons particularly described in them have little to do with the more stirring parts of the after-plot, yet they skilfully prepare the reader's mind for the change, and contain perhaps the best specimens of the writer's style of narration. We shall make no extracts from the first ten chapters of the book, though we have marked many passages in them which would do grace to our pages. Passing over many a scene of interest, which, in the universal perusal of Miss Sedgwick's books, need no trumpeter, we make a long extract from that part of the whole two volumes which touched and interested us most—the exquisitely told story of Louis Seton:—

“Gertrude was startled and roused from her reverie by what she fancied to be a strain of music. It seemed wafted over the torrent, and not mingling with its din, as if the breathing of some spirit above her. There was no visible agent. ‘Am I deceived by the solitude, the scene, the hour, or is it an unearthly sound?’ thought she. She looked timidly around, and as she listened, the strain sounded familiar. ‘It cannot be!’ she exclaimed, and yet, impelled by an irresistible impulse, she sprang forward in the direction whence the sound came. ‘Should it be he!’ she cried fearfully, and hurrying through a tangled path, she came out on a broad projecting rock, that, although a few feet below the summit of the lower fall, commanded a full view of it. On that summit stood a

figure enveloped in a white dress, and so shaded by branches that hung like banners over the glittering waters, that it was impossible to say whether the figure were man or woman—whether it were human, or some strange visitant from another world. While Gertrude gazed fearfully, the person advanced to the brink of the water, threw the flute into the torrent, bent over it, and clasped his hands as if in prayer. ‘Louis!—Louis Seton! Oh, God of mercy, save him!’ shrieked Gertrude. The scream of agony reached his ear, and arrested him; he looked wildly around. She reiterated her cries and waved her handkerchief. He saw her and descended the cliff towards her so swiftly and recklessly that she covered her eyes in terror, lest she should see him plunge into the abyss.

“As he drew near, she ventured again to look at him. His cheeks were crimsoned with fever, his eyes had a supernatural brightness, his fair brow was as pale as marble, and his long flaxen hair, which had at all times a sentimental and student-like air, was in the wildest disorder. He had carelessly thrown over his under garments a white dressing-gown, and his whole appearance confirmed Gertrude in her first impression, that he was delirious. But when he said, in his usual low-toned gentle voice, ‘You called me—did you not, Gertrude?’ She replied, half re-assured, and still half doubtful, ‘Yes; I feared you were venturing too near the fall, and,’ she added, with a smile of admirable self-possession, ‘I thought myself fortunate to meet you just at the very moment I was returning homeward, and dreading to retrace the way alone.’

“‘Oh, do not go yet! Why go away from this beautiful scene? It is a glimpse of Heaven; I will not leave it but for a brighter,’ he added, in a tone of unwonted decision and confidence; ‘Sit down on this rock, Gertrude—I did not expect this—this is the first blissful hour of my life. Do not look so terrified—this is the gate of Heaven—you shall see how I will throw off the load of life, and leap through it; Oh, it was very good of you, to come out to see this—come, sit down!’

“‘There was something irresistibly appealing and affecting in his manner, and Gertrude smothered her fears and sat down; ‘I dreamed,’ he continued, ‘an angel would show me the way—it’s very strange—I cannot account for it;’ he passed his hand over his brow, like one who would disentangle his recollections, ‘I do not think, Gertrude, it ever occurred to me, that you were to be that angel.’

“‘But I am,’ said Gertrude, rising, and hoping to govern him, by humoring his wild fancies, ‘I am, and you are bound to follow whither I lead. Come, we must hasten home, Louis—follow me, I intreat you.’ He rose and followed, half-singing and half-screaming.

“‘This will not do, I am exciting his delirium,’ thought Gertrude; and stopping suddenly, she said, with all the composure she could command, ‘I ought, indeed, to be an angel to flit over these rocks at this unearthly rate. We had best return to our every-day characters, Louis; it is childish to risk our lives in this foolish way.’

“‘Her natural tone and manner, for a moment, restored Seton to himself, and his thoughts reverted to their accustomed channel. ‘It is then a delusion,’ he said—‘yes—yes, life is a delusion—hope a delusion—and yet, who can live without hope? I cannot, and why should I passively remain here to suffer? Gertrude, did you see my flute as it silently floated away? but a moment before, the woods rung with the music my troubled heart poured into it. Think you, Gertrude, it would be as easy to still that heart, as the poor instrument?’

"'But the heart is not yours, Louis,' said Gertrude, assuming a playfulness, difficult to affect, while she was in a panic; 'you gave me your heart, you know, and you have no right to resume it.'"

* * * * *

"Gertrude had unwarily touched the wrong key. Seton sprang to his feet—'a weakness is it, Gertrude? do *you* reproach me with my weakness?—Yes, it is the extreme of weakness; but I have struggled against it—far, far worse, I have quietly endured it—I will not longer—why should I? The world cares not for me, nor I for the world. I have floated on its dark, troubled surface, like those bubbles on the stream—they dissolve and are forgotten. So shall I be.'

"He spoke with the resolute tone of despair. Gertrude's heart sunk within her; but calling forth all her courage, she said, 'I agree with you, Louis; the world has dark, tiresome passages enough; but even the worst of them, like our rugged path here, may be cheered by a light from above. The light always shines. Cannot you open your bosom to it?'

"'Gertrude!' he replied, with a bitter smile; 'do not mock me: tell those fretted waters to give back the image of the heavens, serene and unbroken; bid the stream glide quietly over these sharp rocks; ask that solitary pine to go and bend among its fellows. It is far easier to contend with nature than with the elements of the soul. I am wearied with the conflict. I have struggled, and I am subdued. I have had such horrid dreams. My cruel brother grinning at me—the world's laugh and scorn ringing in my ears—your voice, louder than all the rest.'

"'Do not think of it—it was a dream—nothing but a dream, Louis.'

"'Yes it was a dream; and now you speak to me in your own kind voice—this is reality.' He took her hand and pressed it to his scorching lips; 'I have heard the parting spirit had always some intimation of the future—of good or evil; this is good—this is light to my heart: I have no more fear. Farewell—farewell!' Again and again he kissed her hand; 'it is over now, Gertrude,' and he sprang towards the rushing stream.

"Gertrude grasped his arm, and, shivering with terror, detained him forcibly. 'Have you no pity on me, Louis? do not leave me here alone; attend me round these dreadful rocks; I shall never get back to my father without your help; you can return directly. Come, do not—do not,' she continued, imploringly, 'refuse me this last kindness; come, quickly.' She moved forward, and perceived that he followed, she ran along the broken shore, sprang from the rolling stones, and leaped from crag to crag, forgetful of all dangers but one, till she came to the last projecting rock, where the foothold is extremely narrow, and rendered most perilous by the agitation of the water, which at times lashes the side of the rock, but five or six feet below the narrow margin on which the passenger treads, in a position not quite upright, but rather inclining over the stream. The hazard of this passage was extreme. Seton still followed and was close to her, but the spell that had controlled him so far might break at any moment. The incoherent sounds he uttered at every step, now escaping in indistinct murmurs, and then swelling to shrieks, indicated, too truly, the rapid access of his delirium. Gertrude's courage failed—a nervous sickness came over her—her head turned, her feet faltered, and she retreated a few steps and sunk to the ground.

"It was but a momentary weakness; she ejaculated a prayer for resolution and strength, and sprang to her feet again. 'I am rested now, Louis,' she said; 'once round this rock, we are almost home; follow me, dear

Louis.' She advanced to the perilous path, and proceeded around the projecting cliff without again faltering.

"Seton followed to the front of the rock and there stopped, and stood fixed and immovable, as if he were part of it. His face was towards Gertrude, but his eye was glazed and turned upwards; it appeared that his senses were paralyzed, and that he neither saw, heard nor felt; for though Gertrude urged, supplicated, and wrung her hands in agony, he maintained the same statue-like stillness, looking like an image carved in the rock, before which a terror-struck suppliant was standing. Gertrude dared not advance towards him—his position did not admit assistance—and the slightest movement, even though involuntary, might prove fatal. She cried to Heaven for aid, but while the unavailing prayer was on her lips, Seton slipped gently from the rock into the current below. In another breath his body swept past her."

We wish we had room for one of Mrs. Layton's letters, which contain the very creed of worldly wisdom and are written with great sprightliness and grace, or for the description of her tasteful rooms, or for the episode of Angélique, Abéille, or for the thousand little morceaux of good sense, and practical observation, and beautiful description to which our memory recurs as we write. Miss Sedgwick has contrived to pay valuable compliments to those of her distinguished countrymen, poets and painters, who deserved it most, and we think they could hardly return the compliment with either a taste or a gratitude more felicitous than by making the graphic scenes in her pages, the subjects of pen and pencil. The impression, we think, which is most natural after reading her books, is that of wonder at the author's extreme prodigality of material, and perfect confidence of course, that the fountain is deep and will well as freely and brightly again.

WE have often talked of giving here and there, among our thousand and one topics, sketchy notices of the living poets of our country. Whenever we have attempted it, however, there has always arisen some phantom of an objection, which the *abandon* humor of our quill at the closing of the month was not nervous enough to overcome. It is an invidious task, in the first place—for we are pretty sure to make enemies of all but the few whose eminence is indisputable, (and in these days of poetical editorship, one might as well overturn a beehive,) and, having written verses ourself, we are liable to very plausible charges of envy and malice whenever we differ, as we shall be obliged often to do, from the opinions of certain scores of gentlemen critics. Besides, there are others to whose taste we shall run counter—the standard of those who write and those who only read poetry being quite a different matter. The ear grows fastidious, and the mind contracts a

habit of involuntary and trying dissection by composition. We weigh a period nicely, and balance epithets, and look into proprieties. The feeling and tendency of the thing—the first qualities noticed by a reader—are the last thought of by a writer. A false rhythm, or a forced rhyme, or a tinsel sentiment—things which by ordinary readers are scarcely observed—discolor, to a poet's eye, the whole texture of the production, and interrupt its whole harmony. The older a poetical critic is, too, the more this fastidious humor grows upon him. You will observe it in his own productions—in his abandonment of all irregular metres and broken periods, for the plain pentameter and the even rhyme. Sprague, for instance, has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of criticalness. He writes only in the Dryden measure, and you may as well look for a flaw in his bright honor, as for a halt in his verse. Pierpont and Dana are at the same crisis. One gets there gradually in spite of himself. Even we, (not to weave our own name in such a constellation,) begin to detect a lurking kindness in our heart for Pope and Akenside. We caught ourself one hot afternoon, lately, reading the Essay on Man. We doubt not, some day, that we shall perpetrate in pentameters alone—cold as our blood runs now to think of it. These reasons and a host of others, dimly seen and unmentionable, have hitherto hedged up our way, and we do not know, now, what has tempted us to overleap them—unless, indeed, the flattering increase of our friends (thanks to their welcome kindness) has stirred up our courage, and made our heart cheerful and strong.

If poetry were not the very breath and pulsation of some hearts, there would be no such thing in our country. As a branch of literature, it is not at all followed, now. Those who write, do it as a fountain wells—from fulness. Its reward, if it meets any, is in the poet's own bosom, and perhaps, if he finds satisfaction in being thought a sort of well-behaved monster, a singularity, he finds that also in the kinds of notoriety it procures for him. As for the honor and esteem of a bard, as bards were once honored and esteemed, he might as well sing his rhymes to the solemn conclave of turkey-buzzards on the roof of a Spanish Cathedral. Indeed it is rather a suspicious reputation than otherwise. The old people keep a shrewd eye on a rhymers, and the young, with the exception of here and there a precocious sentimentalist, look upon poetry as a sort of innocent weakness—a trick to be got over as the sufferer grows old. The best of our poets, consequently, are men who do not keep openly the disreputable company

of the Muses—but buy and sell and get gain like other honest people by daylight, and content their inward cravings with a stolen visit to Castaly by a lamp, or a ramble with the neglected sisterhood under the concealment of the moon. Sprague and Halleck are oracles in the Temple of Mammon, and Bryant, revered and sacred as he is held on Parnassus, blows the first trumpet before the foul Spirit of Political Discord. Hillhouse and Dana, it is true, live at the foot of the mountain, but they are silent, like birds in the desert, having nobody to sing to. Percival—but it was of him we were going to speak.

The most legitimate poet—the most authentic child of the Muses, baptized and cradled undeniably by our deserted well—is Percival. It is written broad on his forehead. He is the only poet in the land who looks like one. His eye (a capital picture of him from the free pencil of Alexander hangs directly before us) is itself a palpable evidence—large, wild, and full of the uncertain fire of genius. His features are thin and pointed, his mouth variable and expressive of a sensibility painfully acute, and his head marked from his temples back like the very *eidolon* and model of phrenology. There is a mixture of timidity and pride, of weakness of purpose and conscious power in the expression of his face which it is difficult to reconcile. His whole aspect is that of a perfectly intellectual creature—a shrinking, susceptible being—out of place in the world, and refined every way above the tone and temper of society. There is a similar incongruity between his productions and his acquirements. It is not, we believe, generally known, that in the accurate sciences, Mr. Percival has not his superior in this country. As a mathematician, a geologist and a chemist, he might at the present moment take equal rank with men who have devoted their lives to either. We are not making an idle or an unfounded assertion. We have trod the same wood-paths, and haunted the same solitudes, and been conversant with the same neighborhoods and people with him for years. We know that there is not a flower that springs from the earth, nor a pebble that has its like in the hills, with which he is not as familiar as with the fingers on his hand. He has studied nature like a book of life. His poetry is full of traces of fine and searching observation—full of the inward philosophy, the rare and difficult spirit of the natural world. You may get from his wildest rhapsody, scraps of knowledge, and unexpected truths. And you may go through his singular and voluminous writings, written, as they often are, with the apparent recklessness of

insanity, and find from end to end, never a false philosophy, nor a shade of inaccurate allusion, nor an imperfect, or in the slightest degree unscientific, illustration. We challenge criticism upon it.

For the last two or three years nothing has been heard of Percival abroad. He has published no poetry, and the public, with its usual ungrateful fickleness, has dropped his name from its lips. He is spoken of, it is true, whenever the scattered children of the *Phæbi Chorus* come together, and, for one, we never forget him in the mention of choice spirits about the tripod, and in the *aurea pocula* of the fraternity—but the trumpet that fills the ears of the vulgar is not blown by such wandering breaths, and he must wake and electrify with his own touch the sluggish keys that govern it. How applicable to himself are his own glorious stanzas upon "Genius Slumbering :"—

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame ;
He has no feeling of the glory gone ;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on ;
He lies in dull oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there ;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, 'till the air
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore ;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet around the sightless eye,
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays !
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days ;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep forever, but will rise
Fresh to more daring labors—now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow ;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep—the spell is gone—
The deadly charm departed—see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing ;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer—shall they take,
They, who with feeble pace still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal—they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

Mr. Percival's lot has been that of Genius in its most sensitive shapes since the world began. He has suffered, and wandered, and thrown aside, from caprice or feeling, every gift of Fortune, till his fine fancy has been fettered and put down, and his mind broken into traces, and he is now one of the most devoted of laborers in the driest and most heart-stifling paths of literature. His unequalled and universal acquirements as a linguist, have thrown upon him a task to which, as the author himself remarked, no other person in this country was equal—the revision and superintendence of Mr. Webster's Etymological Dictionary—a labor to which, for two or three years, he has devoted from twelve to fifteen hours a day, with barely compensation enough for a subsistence. Since this was completed, he has translated and improved for the press Malte-Brun's Universal Geography—another labor which demanded the most extensive and minute acquirements, with the same engrossing and assiduous industry. And this is what the world calls a triumph! This is what is lauded and rejoiced over among men, as if the lofty spirit that is broken to their familiar and plodding uses, were redeemed from a reproach by the sacrifice—as if to break the wings of the eagle, and put out his eyes, and train him to the turning of a wheel, were a better destiny for the monarch-bird than the enjoyment of Heaven's own gifts, and the range of the illimitable air! Thus was Burns, the glorious, best lyrist of an age, appreciated by his penny-saving country—and it is not their posthumous apotheosis, and their eulogies that cost them nothing now that he is dead, that will wipe out from the page of history the dark lines that will record it. How long will men put to the hewing of wood and the drawing of water the angels they entertain unaware?

We have perhaps offended against the delicacy due to a living author, in the freedom with which we have spoken.

But we have not done it unadvisedly or without a purpose. It would have been a rich service to Burns, that should have anticipated, in his life-time, but a hundredth portion of the eloquence that has been unavailingly wasted over his grave. If his countrymen had but *bought his books*, (shame on human nature, that so heavy a sin should be incurred in so trivial a neglect!) he would have been saved from his degrading employment—the unquestionable and acknowledged cause of his sad errors and his early grave. We do not fear a similar fate for the pure subject of our comments, but a spirit may be broken though not degraded, and we would save our country from the lasting reproach of neglecting and perverting the gifts that should have been its grace and honor. It is a fact that should be recorded now while it is within remedy, that the works of the finest-strung and loftiest mind among us lie unsold—that a meagre edition of five hundred of Poems that will outlive the memories of the best of us, cumber the shelves of the bookseller, and compel the fiery-hearted author to pay the cost with a slavery which wastes and stifles the very inspiration of Heaven!

MR. JENKS, the former able Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer and Bulletin, has relinquished politics, for which his genial nature, alike with his scholar-like habits of mind, unfitted him, and has established the "Literary Advertiser," a paper devoted to miscellaneous *belles-lettres*. He is every way the person to make such a periodical interesting.

The "Amateur" is a semi-monthly, published at the Galaxy office, and devoted to taste. The first number is very smart, and among other things contains two parodies on our own productions. The one in verse is very clever, imitating "The Annoyer :"—

The creature knoweth every shape,
And taketh every name,
But in every form and every hue
The creature is the same;
The morning drop, and the evening dram,
And the noontide glass, he fills,—
And you see his face unceasingly,
Like a dun, in the time of bills.

He slides into the soldier's lips
From the mouth of a snug canteen;
The drum may beat, and the gun may flash,
But the creature slips between;
He smooths the couch of the weary man,
And diddles the sleeper's brain,
And with the ray of the breaking day,
The creature is there again.

The maiden sits on her silken seat
 And sips the cordial fair,
 And the blush grows deeper on her cheek,
 For the sprite is lurking there ;
 The deacon walks to the tavern bar,
 And calls for a potion thin—
 But he slyly winks to the waiting-boy,
 And he pours the creature in.

He clears the frog from the preacher's throat,
 And he helps the clerk to sing ;
 And whets the scythe of the mowing man,
 In the shape of a mighty sling ;
 He lends a tongue to the speechless one,
 And a flash to the coward's eye ;
 He burns in a kiss on the lady's lip,
 And melts in the lover's sigh.

The farmer fills his tumbler up
 And clasps his fingers round,
 He says not a word, but he drains the cup,
 For the creature there is found.
 In the morning mist, and the scorching sun,
 And the chill of the evening air ;
 In the crystal glass and the earthen mug,
 The creature still is there.

The more elaborate one runs thus :—

"I have a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short a lively girl—is my exquisite horror ! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my 'white tights' by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I wont—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

"Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz :—'her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep.' She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his Sophomore year, was chosen President of the Dolce-far-niente Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—the college law for rising before breakfast alone excepted.) Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there ! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—'it would be so troublesome to relate it to every body !' I loved her from that moment.

"Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full, and, without the rosiness which would have made it vulgar, healthy. Her skin was clear, fine grained, and transparent: her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

"She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm imbedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a Goddess of Sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her white fingers from her handkerchief, before he set it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly towards the floor, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it, worthy of Juno.

"Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small plump feet melt to the ground like snowflakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the common. A gentleman with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him with a yawn of desperate ennui, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders, and as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

"Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of woman but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever!

"I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft dewy transparency like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster

of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

" 'Lady Albina,' said I, in my softest tone, 'how are you?'

" 'Bettina,' said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, 'how am I to-day?'

"The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with Cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature!—she was asleep!

"I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she could sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the Millenium should commence, as is expected, in 1833, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which, he warrants, may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue."

We decline comment upon this, but we may be permitted to quote a shrewd Editor, who remarks, that "it would be an admirable imitation, if it were not so infinitely superior to anything the original ever wrote." We regret to catch so sagacious a critic at fault, but unfortunately—we wrote it ourself!